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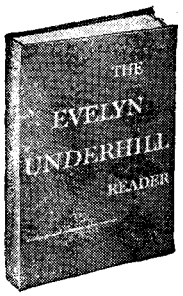

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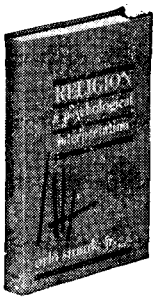

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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

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the scholar cornered

Crusted Stars and Self-Warming Planets

Jack Horner was a boastful child, and at the same time something of an explorer. Following his lead, the astronomers in their own corners have thumbed their way into the sun and stars and discovered plums of knowledge to boast about, and found as well enough of mystery to keep them properly modest. Questions are easy, answers elusive. Here is a solar catechism:

What is the sun? Gas.
How did it come about? Gravitational attraction.
What is its surface temperature? 10,000°F.
What is its mass? 2×10^{27} tons.
What keeps it shining? $E = mc^2$.
What is its ultimate destiny? Extinction.
Anything we can do about it? No!

Only the surface of that million-miles-in-diameter ball of fire can be seen; the astronomical spectroscope, however, can report on solar temperatures, chemistry and turbulence; and astronomical theory takes us all the way to the unseen center. Those tools—the light analyzer and celestial theory—reveal interesting facts; the most happy one is that the sun, the life-giver to us explorers, is in equilibrium, in a steady state. It does not collapse with a cosmic bang, and it does not diffuse away into surrounding space. It is in balance between the pulling in of gravitation and the pushing out of gas and radiation pressure. The equilibrium has been maintained for billions of years, a fact we deduce from the ages of the fossils of plants and animals that lived by grace of steady sunlight and sun warmth in pre-Paleozoic times. Moreover, we have good reason to believe that the present intensity of light and temperature will genially prevail in this solar system for future billions of years, for this is a pretty stable open-end operation in which we are involved.

On planets such as Neptune and Pluto that revolve around the sun in orbits far out in the sun-planet system, the present frigidity will be maintained for countless millennia at a level impossible for protoplasmic life; on planets in orbits near the sun's surface, such as Mercury and Venus, intolerable heat will prevail indefinitely—intolerable for the kind of life we live. Between these cold outer and hot inner regions is the liquid water belt where we and the other terrestrial organisms evolve and thrive. The sun, to be sure, is not precisely steady in radiation output. But the fluctuations from the mean value are minor, although they were probably contributory to the Ice Age phenomena of the past million years. If the thermostated sun should tend to heat up, a cooling expansion would set in; if the sun should cool off a bit from its mean value, a warming contraction would bring it back to balance.

The main source of sun and star heat is that provided by an atomic synthesis, from the burning of hydrogen fuel into helium ash and gamma radiation. (One amazing deduction from observation and theory is that only two kinds of atoms compose about ninety-nine per cent of the sun's

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mass. They are hydrogen and helium.) In the planets there is no such source of heat; they must depend chiefly on their own gravitational compression, supplemented by intercepted solar radiation and the heat generated by atomic radioactivity.

If the proto-sun had been much more massive, say, a hundred times the present value, the heat generated by compression and hydrogen-burning would have been so great that it could not have condensed as a single star with planets. There is an upper limit, set by radiation pressure, to the possible mass of a single star. Is there a lower limit? Would not the primeval gas and dust clouds of interstellar space condense into objects of *all* dimensions, the smaller the more numerous? Not quite all sizes and masses, for there is a lower limit in mass where gravitational hold-together is offset by gaseous diffusion, and solid bodies cannot form, except by fragmentation; but that lower limit is moon and small planet size.

The foregoing proposition could be spelled out in detail, but it should suffice to say here that in the vasty spaces between the lucid stars there must be untold thousands of wanderers that are out of immediate gravitational control by stars; they are not parts of star-and-planet organizations. Already we know that the dwarf stars in a given volume of space far exceed in number stars like Sirius and the sun. In view of the reasonableness of current theories of star formation, I cannot doubt the existence of small free-wandering bodies; nor do I doubt that the smaller they are, the more numerous they may be. Being cool, they are poor radiators, and unless by chance they are nearby, they are too faint for our optical telescopes. (Among them there may be so-called flare stars—faint reddish bodies that erupt occasionally without known cause, some of them rising in brightness to double normal intensity in a few hours. They appear to resist permanent crusting over.)

It could be that our naked-eye stars are *relatively* rare phenomena. In a universe rich in bodies with masses between one-tenth and one-thousandth that of the sun, very few may ever get into our photographic records of ordinary stars. These neighboring unseen Lilliputians, as I like to call them,* are of course under the gravitational control of our total rotating galaxy with its billions of common stars. They are generally reddish, the smaller the redder. For the smallest, the radiation, such as it is, would be strongest in the long-wave infrared, even in the micro-wave region where the radio telescopes effectively operate. For such objects the blue, yellow and red radiation would be essentially absent.

As we go down in size and temperature from the sun to the red dwarfs, and on to the infra bodies, and to the infra-infrared radiators, we shall find somewhere along the continuous line Lilliputians that have cooled off so greatly that liquid and solid crusts begin to form, notwithstanding the geyser-like flares that may in some instances resist the crusting.

Let us approach the Lilliputians from the other direction, starting with celestial bodies that in size and mass are like our planets. The earth is a low temperature radiator, with its surface temperature derived from sunlight, from meteor infall (negligible), from the radioactivity of uranium, thorium, radium and potassium, and from gravitational compression. The last is a most important source. (A few miles below the earth's surface mining operations are stopped by the earth's internal heat.)

Suppose that Jupiter, the greatest of our planets, were on the loose, far out in space, half way to Alpha Centauri, the nearest known star. It would, of course, receive no appreciable heat from the sun or similar star; it would not be orbitally responsive to any one star. It would be a solid cold body with an atmosphere of hydrogen gas, possibly adulterated with methane and ammonia. No existing optical telescope could reveal it to earth-bound observers, but still it would be emitting long-wave radiation.

Now let us increase the mass and size of this wandering Jupiter: heat from the stars

* *Of Stars and Men*, Beacon Press, 1958, p. 60.

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would remain negligible; there might be a small increase in radioactive heating because more matter is involved; and certainly there would be an increase in the internal body-compression heating. The bigger the planet, the greater its own body-radiation.

Increasing the mass further we would see little difference between a gigantic planet and a very small star. Actually there is no difference.

We could call the much enlarged Jupiter either a crusted-over dwarf star or a big self-warming planet. Among the multillions of relatively small bodies that are the end products of contracting dust-and-gas clouds of all sizes, there must be millions that are in the interval of mass and temperature where crusted stars and self-warming planets exist. Somewhere in that interval H_2O would not be ice or hot steam but liquid water. That seems to be a proper conclusion.

We are led at this point to a second reasonable hypothesis in our consideration of Lilliputian stars and Brobdingnagian planets. The first was, in summary, that whatever may be our theory of the origin of stars and planets, there must be in surrounding interstellar space countless undetected celestial bodies. In fact, the ordinary naked-eye stars may be considered abnormal objects that are so massive and hot that they reveal themselves by radiating strongly in the visual part of the electromagnetic spectrum. They can be seen at great distances—at distances of hundreds and thousands of light-years—whereas the innumerable small objects cannot as yet be observationally detected. In number the Lilliputians far surpass the recognizable stars; in mass they are less important, for the motions of stars in our galaxy indicate that there is no excessive amount of material hidden in the Lilliputian stars.

The second hypothesis is that on the super-giant planets and sub-sub-dwarf stars there are the makings of living organisms. A common chemistry and physics is shown by the spectrograph to exist all over the universe; and now we see that the temperatures can be right for life, even in the total absence of a nearby sustaining star.

I have proposed in an earlier discussion* that the new researches in geophysics, geochemistry, paleontology, biochemistry and microbiology lead us to believe that the origin of life on the earth and other suitable planets is a natural step in cosmic evolution. We ourselves are the product of natural procedures in universal development. The interaction on the earth's surface of certain gases with the energy from primeval lightning, or ultraviolet sunlight, or radioactivity of unstable atoms, or the body heat of the earth—this interaction can result in the natural synthesis of amino acids, nucleic acids, proteins and the macromolecules from which the most elemental organisms have evolved. No miracles are required for the beginning of life, no supernatural operations—just the right temperature, the right chemicals and plenty of time for biochemical evolution. These favorable conditions, I believe, would prevail not only on the surfaces of some of the planets that circle stars, but also on the surfaces of Lilliputian stars when the size is large enough for self-warming but not so large and hot that solid crusts are unable to form and persist. It is on these abundant intermediates, in size between recognized dwarf stars and giant planets, that the natural syntheses leading to life can occur as well as on conventional planets that are "parasitic" on conventional stars.

A strange life it might be on a Lilliputian; but much earthly life is also very strange and varied; compare the tiny trilobite and the whale, the lichen and the sequoia. On the Lilliputians there would be no light (or eyes!) in the usual violet-to-red sense. The capture of energy for organic syntheses might not be like that we know, involving chlorophyll and photosynthesis. The radiation generated by and on Lilliputians would be mostly in the microwave region of the electromagnetic spectrum. The biochemistry could be widely

* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Autumn, 1956; *Of Stars and Men.*

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different from what we know; the darkness and strong gravity would see to that. But in view of the probable existence of billions of these self-warming celestial bodies, conditions suitable for highly developed life *somewhere* appear inevitable.

Naturally we ask if any of these denizens of the interstellar darkness could be found by our human investigators, bound as we are to the solar system. There is no clear answer to that question. It is Yes if "finding" includes location by radio. Extensive researches on dwarf red and blue stars by Dr. W. J. Luyten of the University of Minnesota have revealed most of the sub-subdwarfs we know; and his further work may lead us deeper into the Lilliputian realm. At the Swarthmore Observatory Dr. P. van de Kamp and colleagues search among the nearer stars for indications of planets that affect the motions of associated stars. These searches are, of course, not reaching far into space. Thousands of Lilliputians may exist within a dozen light-years. I have suggested earlier that among the hundreds of discovered radio "sources," the direction and vigor of which have been found in recent years with radio telescopes, there may be many produced by Lilliputian stars. Only a few of the detected radio sources have been certainly identified with supernovae, nebulosities and galaxy collisions.

Many researches bearing on the existence and nature of nearby self-warming planets could be suggested, such as investigations of their distances, distribution, temperatures, surface gravity, variability and their contribution to the total mass of the galaxy—researches theoretical and observational. For them larger and more penetrating instrumentation is now a necessity.

HARLOW SHAPLEY

COMING IN WINTER

Edmond Cahn *on "parchment barriers" and freedom*

Diana Trilling *on Edith Wharton*

Philip C. Hammond *on the excavations at Petra*

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If You Don't Mind My Saying So. . . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

What used to be called the War between Science and Religion was a hot war. That now in progress between Science and the Humanities is a cold one. It is being fought somewhat more chivalrously and with many protestations of respect on both sides. The scientist doesn't want to exterminate literature, and the humanist certainly doesn't want to abolish science. "Coexistence" is the catchword. But as in the case of the other cold war, the real question is, "On whose terms?" From both sides one gets something rather like the attitude of the Catholic priest who is said to have remarked to his Protestant opposite number: "After all, we are both trying to do God's work; you in your way and I—in His." There seems to be a good deal of question-begging and so many polite concessions that the terms are not usually clearly defined and the issues not squarely met.

C. P. Snow—a champion *sans peur* and *sans reproche*—seems to rest his case not so much on the superiority of science over the humanities as upon the alleged fact that scientists are better guys. There is, he argues, more good will among them, a larger common ground on which to operate and more willingness to make common cause. Probably this is true as long as they stay on this common ground. But scientists not infrequently are also patriots, adherents to this or that social philosophy and even, sometimes, loyal sons of some church. Those who are scientists and nothing else may be a bit *too* neutral—as, for instance, a famous rocket expert who appears to have been so little interested in anything except rockets that he was perfectly willing to make them for either side even in the middle of what less "objective" people regarded as Armageddon.

As William James said, "We may philosophize well or ill, but philosophize we must." Those who say they do not philosophize at all have usually answered philosophical questions arbitrarily and without thought. And for all the claims made that science itself can become an adequate philosophy, it seems to an unregenerate humanist like myself that such philosophy provides no answer to questions that have to be answered either thoughtfully or, as the scientist often tends to answer them, arbitrarily. We may, says a distinguished American professor of experimental psychology, take it for granted that all ultimate questions can be reduced to one—namely, what is most likely to lead to survival? But who are the "we" who take this for granted? The better-red-than-dead boys apparently do. On the other hand, there is what some regard as good authority for "He who loseth his life shall gain it." Probably there is no way of arbitrating between the two attitudes. But there is certainly no purely scientific solution, and the humanist is at least more acutely aware of the problem.

I must repeat the familiar charge that science can tell us how to do a bewildering (indeed, an alarming) number of things, but not which of them ought to be done; and I repeat it because I have never heard a satisfactory reply, and because it is perfectly evident that scientists themselves do not always agree in such decisions when called upon to make them. Of the medical practitioner it is sometimes said that medicine

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itself supplies him with an ethic. But take, for example, the case of the German doctors who used human beings as laboratory animals. They had learned the same medical science as those of their European and American fellows who found their experiments morally and even criminally shocking. At a medical congress both groups would have met on that common ground that Sir Charles regards as so important—so long as the discussion was confined to science. At a clinic they would have agreed on both diagnosis and treatment. Whatever the origin of their moral differences, it certainly did not lie in the field of the scientific knowledge that both had mastered. Their science gave them no guidance in the making of an ethical decision.

To this objection, which seems to me incontrovertible, either of two answers is usually given. One is that science, properly understood, *would* give an answer if properly attended to. The other is that "ought" implies a concept that corresponds to nothing outside the human mind and exists there only subjectively, induced by the conditioning effect of social custom; and that, therefore, we should be content to say merely that what we ought to do must be left to whatever society evolves as a result of the wise determination to devote ourselves exclusively to scientific knowledge.

Pushed into a corner those who maintain that only science is anything more than nonsense are likely to throw the question back into the face of the humanist. "Just how much progress have philosophy, metaphysics, religion and poetry ever made toward establishing 'oughts' conclusively demonstrated or widely agreed upon for long? You blame us for our failures. What are your successes?" This *tu quoque* is, to put it mildly, embarrassing—so embarrassing, in fact, that I would rather drop the subject for the moment and come back to it (if I must) a little later in this discussion.

What seems to me necessary (and lacking) to clarify any general discussion of the "case for the humanities" is some clear definition of science on the one hand and, on the other, of the subject matter that the humanist believes he alone can deal with and of the methods he uses.

Originally, of course, science meant simply knowledge of any kind, and the humanities meant merely secular learning —knowledge about human affairs as contrasted with the divine, or, more simply still, the kind of thing one found in the writings of the Greeks and Romans before the Christian revelation made knowledge of the divine possible. But the meaning of the first term narrowed, and the meaning of the second grew more vague. Science came to mean a special kind of knowledge that can be acquired by certain techniques while the humanities came to mean, well, whatever is left over. What actually is left over came to seem to many less and less important if, indeed, it was important at all.

Suppose we say that science (and the definition would certainly have been accepted at a time when scientists were more modest) deals with whatever is measurable and subject to experimental verification. I cannot think of any scientific inquiry that has gone beyond that without ceasing to be completely scientific. Accept that definition, add that the subject matter of the humanities is whatever cannot be measured or verified experimentally, and it is obvious that what is left over is extensive and important.

Take, for example, the question of contentment, happiness and joy. Pope called the second "our beings' end and aim." At least some scientists would agree that it is as fundamental as survival since, if science can tell us how to survive but not how to be happy, it is wasting its time. Yet happiness cannot be measured and the assumption that this man is happier than that cannot be experimentally verified. The difficulty may not be quite as thorny as that which involves the "ought," but it is thorny enough and important enough. Hedonists may say that what we ought to do is what will make us as individuals in our society most happy, but that still leaves happiness as one of the things that can neither be measured nor experimented with. And it is one of the things with which the literature of humanism is concerned in its own way.

The humanist does at least recognize the

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importance of happiness, and he does not brush it aside like the scientist whose logic is likely to run more or less thus: happiness cannot be measured, therefore it cannot be the subject of science; but since the methods of science are the only useful ones, we will just have to assume that happiness is directly proportional to something that can be measured—say income, standard of living or even horsepower available per unit of population. That this is a monstrous assumption is made abundantly clear by the introspection and direct observation dealt with in humanistic literature. And if we are not even further than we are now down the road to radical discontent and alienation in the midst of abundance, it is largely because humane letters still affect us.

So much for the kind of subject with which the humanities can and science cannot deal. What methods does the humanist, who can neither measure nor experiment, rely upon? He cannot, of course, prove anything. All that he can do is to carry conviction. He can, for example, draw a picture of a happy man and tell a story that seems to account for that man's happiness. There is no objective test for the truth or falsity of his assumptions. For his success or failure he depends upon one thing only—the extent to which he can carry conviction, and he convinces just to the extent that our own experience confirms his. Hence my own definition of the humanities would be simply this: they are that branch of inquiry concerned with the unmeasurable and the undemonstrable and dealing with it in such a way that although nothing is proved, something is, nevertheless, believed. The truths of the humanities are, in other words, those that cannot be demonstrated but can be recognized.

Thomas De Quincey's famous definition of humane literature as the literature of power, as distinguished from the literature of knowledge, is sound although sometimes misunderstood. The literature of knowledge is that which *confers* power; humane literature, that which *is* powerful. The half-sciences of psychology, sociology and history necessarily fall between two stools, and they would be both more useful and less dangerous if they always recognized the fact. So long as they deal only with what can be measured and experimentally verified, they rarely throw very much light upon the most important subjects. When, as all too often happens, they pretend to have proved something that their facts do not really prove, they can be disastrously misleading. They are most effective when they, like the novelist, carry conviction by statements whose truths we seem to recognize.

Sir Charles himself, when he expresses the opinion that scientists are better guys than humanists, is indulging in exactly the kind of loose, unsupported generalization often cited as reproachable in the man of letters. He may give random examples, but he presents no hard statistics. We may agree or not, and whether we do agree will depend upon our own experience. He is speaking as a humanist, not as a scientist.

Freud offers a more striking case in point. He was so far from establishing a science that there are by now almost as many incompatible schools of psychoanalysis as there are Christian sects. Competent physicists could not possibly disagree among themselves on fundamentals as psychoanalysts disagree. But Freud probably had as much effect upon our mental climate as any man who lived during his time, because when we read what he had to say, we experienced "the shock of recognition." What he had not actually demonstrated was recognized. We believed because our past experience had prepared us to do so.

The Lonely Crowd is, I suppose, the most widely read sociological work written in the United States during the past twenty years. Yet, as sociologists with a narrower conception of their quasi-science were quick to point out, it didn't actually prove anything. There were no measurements and no experiments weighty enough to be taken seriously. The examples of "inner-directed" and "other-directed" personalities were not selected by any controlled process of sampling but were treated merely as illustrations, much as a literary essayist might have treated them. Yet, most readers did experience the shock of recognition. *The Lonely Crowd* is a contribution to "the humanities."

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Scientists fear (not without reason) the power that literature has to keep alive and to propagate all sorts of notions, including the pernicious. It can decline into mere rhetorical oratory and sometimes make the worse appear the better reason. Poets, said the American novelist and paragrapher Ed Howe, are the only prophets who are always wrong. Exasperated by Alexander Pope, Bernard Shaw exclaimed that "you can't make a lie true by putting it into an heroic couplet." But the unfortunate fact is that you can go a long way toward making it seem so. Said Mark Twain, "The history of the human race is strewn thick with evidence that a truth is not hard to kill; but that a lie, well told, is immortal." "Well told" is the operative phrase, and since to tell well is the special province of humane letters, they are no doubt responsible for more seemingly immortal lies than erroneous science ever has been. On the other hand, it is the great body of these same humane letters that have kept alive many supremely important concepts like those of "honor," "love," "duty," "the good life," et cetera, which science dismisses or at least ignores just because it has no means of dealing with them. A scientist may be and often is also a humanist, but he can be such only insofar as he recognizes the legitimacy of problems with which he cannot, as a scientist, deal. Accept science as the only legitimate concern of the human mind, and you must cease to concern yourself with anything that cannot be measured or experimented with. And a world that disregards everything thus excluded would be a world in which the human being as we know him would cease to exist.

The humanist cannot claim any success in his enterprise comparable to that which the scientist boasts of in his. He is compelled, generation after generation, to begin all over again. It is not certain that he has made any progress since the time of Plato and Aristotle or the times of Homer and Shakespeare. He may even find himself carrying less and less conviction to others, perhaps even being less and less sure himself. He never has, and he probably never will have, a method that produces results as the method of science does. But that is not because he is less intelligent and less competent. It is because the human being is more complicated than the physical world —more complicated even than the atom. But it is also at least as important to all of us; and as long as we continue to ask questions, even unanswered questions, we at least continue to recognize the reality of what the scientist tends to regard as nonexistent or unimportant just because he does not know how to deal with it. Perhaps the best defense of the humanities was made by Justice Holmes when he said that science teaches us a great deal about things that are not really very important, philosophy a very little bit about those that are supremely so.

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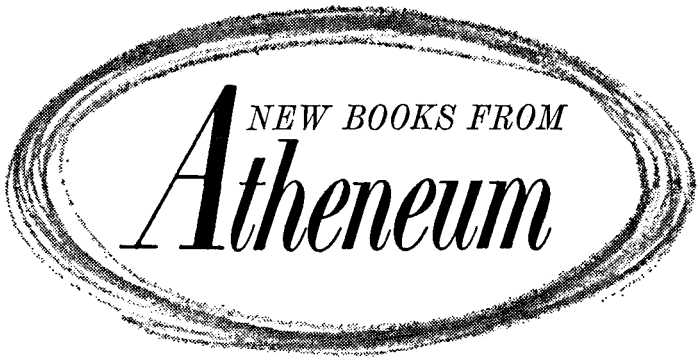

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The Atmospheric Tests

Notes from a Vanishing Perspective

ROGER HAGAN

ONE IS FORCED TO DARK THOUGHT about the whole question of the decision process in the United States by our recent resumption of atmospheric testing. We seem to be dominated by a prudence that is imprudent, a conservatism that is recklessly profligate. The decision to test had tremendous implications for the future: as a result of it, we now enter a strategic era incapable of stability, characterized by new weapons systems of ambiguous meaning immensely more difficult to inspect and disarm and profoundly destabilizing inasmuch as they convince the Russians that their deterrent is ineffective. Yet this prospect was somehow outweighed by short-run military and political considerations which are essentially petty and in some respects ominous.

The ominous aspect is that there appears to be taking place what physicists call a quantum jump in our nuclear weapons policy. Where the President could say in his Special Budget Message to Congress on March 28, 1961, that "our objective now is to increase our ability to confine our response to non-nuclear weapons, and to lessen the incentive for any limited aggression by making clear what our response will accomplish," and repeat several times in the same speech that "our arms will never be used to strike the first blow in any attack," the Secretary of Defense now states that "our new policy gives us the flexibility to choose among several operational plans, but does not require that we make any advance commitment with respect to doctrine or targets."* The change in policy implied here has taken place without public understanding

* Speech to Fellows of the American Bar Foundation, Chicago, February 17, 1962.

✪ ROGER HAGAN, editor of the Council for Correspondence *Newsletter*, is working on a study of the 1962 Congressional campaigns and the role played in them by peace concerns. His SCHOLAR article will be part of a volume on contemporary military policy he and others are preparing for publication by Collier in 1963.

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or debate, and the dangers of this are well epitomized by the test resumption itself and by the way in which consensus for it was developed by obscuring long-range issues and purposes. The only possible resistance to a policy on which the Administration is rolling full steam ahead is in democratic politics, yet neither the people nor most of the candidates in the current Congressional elections understand that any change has taken place, and when a few of the press corps caught the implication of the President's *faux pas* about using nuclear weapons first in the Alsop interview in the *Saturday Evening Post* and asked about it, the question seemed to be settled when the White House insisted that there was no change.

In fact, there is a tremendous change. That it may not be the President's intention to switch to a first-strike strategy, that he is merely following his instincts to be ready for anything, developing weapons the way he develops answers for his press conferences, is irrelevant. What has been allowed to proceed with the resumption of atmospheric testing and with the shaping of the 1963 defense budget will progressively circumscribe his decisions and our security. The tragic element in all of this lies not where the President's intellectual apologists located it—in the acceptance of morally ambiguous actions (such as affecting thousands of lives by our fallout or tampering with the Van Allen belt) as a sacrifice made toward a great goal of national security—but in the fact that the entire series of tests was waste. They contributed nothing to the deterrence of war.

From a civilian perspective—an increasingly precarious and elusive position—it might appear that national security can be sustained only by deterring nuclear war and developing responses and initiatives of a more hopeful and inventive sort. It might appear that the only deterrence to which nuclear weapons can dependably contribute is the deterrence of nuclear attack upon our shores. (If this applies as well to Europe, so be it.) It might appear that the various types of secondary gain that strategists have attempted to wring from the possession of nuclear weaponry can better be served, and with less threat to millions of lives, by nonnuclear means, ranging from conventional and guerrilla warfare

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to political and economic initiatives. When one makes the effort to examine the recent test series from this sort of perspective, one finds with a shock that these atmospheric tests added nothing to our capacity to deter nuclear war, and may even have undermined it if they helped define more precisely, under the surveillance of Soviet monitors stationed in the sky and in the Pacific Ocean, the limitations of our weapons or delivery systems.

Much confusion about what is militarily necessary arises from failure to keep clearly in mind one's ultimate goals when assessing the immediate alternatives. It would be a kindness to say that those advocating the resumption of atmospheric testing before the decision was made were suffering such confusion; more likely, however, they knew very well what they were after and it is we who have been confused. As we now review the test series, let us keep in mind the distinction between the civilian hope of *deterring nuclear war* by maintaining a retaliatory capacity, while meeting local provocation in other ways, and the military (particularly the Air Force) hope of *deterring the enemy* by means of full, demonstrated and occasionally exercised war-fighting capability including what Secretary McNamara described in Chicago: a flexible nuclear capability that "does not require that we make any advance commitment with respect to doctrine or targets." It is entirely reasonable that the military should hold the latter view, since it probably must see its role in the present in terms of its traditional mission: to be good at fighting. But the more important aspect of this distinction is that the first hope involves the rejection, the second the acceptance, of nuclear war or the threat of it as an instrument of policy. Maintaining this distinction, consider what was being sought in the recent American series.

1. *Tests to improve the yield-to-weight ratio.* With regard to this goal, a number of prominent physicists have publicly stated that such gains would be comparatively small, the ratio already having been pushed near the physical limit. These include Hans Bethe, Jay Orear, Philip Morrison, Edwin Salpeter, Gerald Holton and Bernard Feld. Edward Teller, in a rejoinder to some of these gentlemen in the *Saturday Evening Post,* stated that if they had had access to the classified information with which he was conversant,

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they might have changed their minds. Anyone recalling Teller's role in defeating efforts toward a test-ban treaty in 1959, by producing with tremendous fanfare the now discredited Big Hole theory, may be inclined to choose physical laws over classified data, but we can leave this debate to the physicists. Our present half-megaton warheads carried by Minuteman and Polaris missiles are entirely adequate to threaten retaliatory damage to populations, and the effort to increase their destructiveness contributes primarily to their usefulness in destroying hardened missile bases, that is, to making them effective counterforce weapons. As will be discussed, counterforce weaponry is not necessary to the finite deterrent position.

2. *Proof tests.* In the last war, failure to perfect and practice with weapons would have been the height of irresponsibility. But with the strategic aim of deterring war, practice and proof testing are themselves irresponsible. Pure deterrence is a question of visibility, and it is satisfied by possibility. A weapon that *may* work is just as deterrent as one whose capabilities (and limitations) are well-defined. No statesman or military man will gamble his society or his army against the chance that a new weapon might not work. It is the aggressor who needs certainty. The only uncertainty that the deterring power should try to clear up for its own safety is uncertainty as to its intentions, since an enemy seeing any capability for *aggressive* action will have to assume it to be functional and to take appropriate countermeasures. Uncertainty as to the accuracy of the Polaris, however, gives the enemy no comfort.

Proof tests therefore satisfy not a strategic need but a political one, which we can divide into three functions: they keep up the morale of the armed forces, reassuring them as to the relevance of their traditional mission; they are supposed to reassure our allies, although the effect upon Adenauer and De Gaulle can hardly be said to have been worth our trouble; and they placate the Congressmen and Senators who demand in hearing after hearing whether the responsible officer is sure, absolutely sure, that his weapons system will work. This last phenomenon is not the least of our problems. Why Congressmen do this is a long story—partly the Congressional instinct for budgetary review running over into

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other matters to which it lends its peculiarly obsessive energy, partly a quality we savor in our legislators which defies description—but one reads the hearings with astonishment, wondering why the simple point above is overlooked.*

Before leaving proof tests we should understand the context within which they *do* make sense. This is the military doctrine of "prevailance," which envisions a controlled war of more or less rational "exchange," as it is delicately phrased, until one side backs down or runs out of weapons. The other side is said to prevail rather than to win because it would have suffered great damage in the process. Prevailance does not imply first strike, and therefore preparation for it may be termed defensive. Unfortunately, the weaponry needed prepares us as well for striking first—as a glance at the 1963 defense budget will show—and intentions are difficult to communicate if they are not backed up by appearances. But we must acknowledge that proof tests are needed if we agree that the military is to engage in this kind of "exchange," for the assumption must then be that the weapons are to be used in a variety of situations and must be well-mastered.

3. *Effects tests.* These were partly to determine criteria for civil defense. It has been well shown by now that civil defense contributes primarily to first-strike strategy and somewhat to prevailance doctrine, but not at all to invulnerable deterrence. Even the purely humane arguments for civil defense that eschew its strategic role have been thrown into serious doubt, which helps explain why the Administration has become embarrassed about it and dropped it for the time being, and why the House Independent Offices Ap-

* For an illustration of the quality referred to, consider the following dialogue in the February 2, 1962, session of the Senate Armed Services Committee:

"Chairman [Richard B.] RUSSELL [of Georgia]. . . . It will take a pretty strong-willed person to keep on carrying on the war. If there is a war of extermination, and there is only a handful left, I want that handful to be here; I do not want any over there. . . .

"I could not help thinking that I come from a section of the country where you cannot say that we have had no measure of experience of what might be called acceptable levels of damage. . . . If you get one out of three men of military age killed and his home burned, and there is no salt, and you boil the clay on the smokehouse floor to try to get a little something to eat then you have reached the unacceptable level of damage.

"Senator SYMINGTON. Mr. Chairman, you remember the last thing one of his soldiers said to General Lee at Appomattox? 'General,' he said, 'we will go back and raise a crop or two, and then have another go at them.' [Laughter.]"

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propriations Subcommittee has cut out the major part of the community shelter funds.

In addition, the military was concerned to know the strength of our buried retaliatory missile emplacements, but a number of factors make the data to be gained relatively insignificant. These factors include the large number and uncertain location of these missiles, their known invulnerability to all but direct hits or near misses by large warheads, the short launching time (less than a minute) of the new solid fuel missiles like Minuteman (meaning they will be off the ground before most incoming missiles strike their targets) and the mobility of a large part of the retaliatory force—Polaris on submarines, Hound Dog and Skybolt (range more than one thousand miles) on airplanes. Even if we did not have the new data no enemy could have been assured of going undestroyed after striking us.

The same can be said of underwater tests. Here we must speculate as to what these may have been, since no information about their nature was made public. The term may refer solely to the firing of a Polaris from underwater, but there may also have been tests of antisubmarine devices. Submarines are almost exclusively retaliatory. Since it is extremely unlikely that they can all be pinpointed at once, roving submarines are one of the few hopeful developments toward making a minimum deterrent posture possible *even if it must be assumed unilaterally*. Because it cannot be inspected easily, the submarine is also an unnecessarily problematic weapon should both sides agree to adopt the minimum deterrent posture. If disarmament must be drawn out over the twelve years the United States believes it must, however, it may be politically necessary to accept such problems during much of the process. If so, it would seem preferable to keep submarines invulnerable—in any case, they will probably remain so—and to determine instead how many are being built by inspecting production facilities.

4. High altitude tests. Here we arrive at what is reported to be the main reason why President Kennedy decided in favor of testing.

These tests fell into two subdivisions. The first was for the purpose of determining the kill-radius of an antimissile missile, especially at great height where the blast effect is reduced. A fully

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operative antimissile missile system has been called a vain hope by Hans Bethe, and also by Secretary McNamara, according to ABC News. (The statement was subsequently censored out of the published version of the March hearings in which it was made.) But even assuming that an antimissile system could work to a fair degree, the pursuit of such a system would seem ill-advised.

An AICBM system does not make our retaliatory system more deterrent simply by reducing casualties should an enemy strike us first. Reducing casualties among civilians has strategic significance only if we are threatening first use of nuclear weapons and must make the threat credible by minimizing the effects of retaliation. Granted, it may seem inhumane to reject the development of an AICBM system on the grounds that it makes no contribution to a desired strategy (finite deterrence) even though it could save lives. The reduction of casualties in a context of purely retaliatory (or "second-strike") strategy has a good sound. Unfortunately, however, the development of such a system, like a deep-blast shelter system for populations, gives the impression of contributing much more to first-strike than to second-strike intentions. In other words, it is destabilizing. Recalling that deterrence here means deterring nuclear war, the system can therefore be said to have a destructive effect upon deterrence, and hence the potential reduction of casualties, if considered alone, is a misleading criterion for justifying tests.

This, however, is a remote argument. More to the point is the simple fact that the AICBM does not *help* us. It *would* be an increment to first-strike threats such as the one mentioned by President Kennedy in the Alsop interview—that the Russians must not be sure that we would not use large nuclear weapons first, should they launch a large-scale ground force attack on Western Europe or other vital interests. But it has no effect upon the likelihood that our retaliatory power will effectively be used if we are hit. Twenty missiles that could not be destroyed on the ground before they leave our launching pads are very nearly as deterrent as two hundred or two thousand. The arguments for the costly AICBM get us into a real case of diminishing marginal utility which some economist ought to have pointed out long before this. Furthermore, even if AICBM's become workable, they must be

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located near cities (if they are intended to protect populations), and this is self-defeating, for they are among the first targets of a counterforce attack. If we are to consider their possible benefits to civilian populations, we must also consider the possibility that they may draw greater destructiveness toward these populations, indeed, more than they can dependably handle.

There is, however, an argument that the antimissile missile contributes significantly to "invulnerable" or "minimum" deterrence. Depending upon our radar screens to tell us when to launch the retaliatory attack is dangerous. We have been fooled before by our radar, and the enemy knows that this has made us cautious. Perhaps it should be credible that we can wait until his first strike hits us and still be able to get off a sizeable retaliatory force. The antimissile missile, this argument holds, would make this possible, preserving enough of our missile emplacements until the last ambiguity has evaporated. This is a wise argument, but several considerations make the AICBM unnecessary to it. One is the thirty-eight-second launching time of the Minuteman: it seems remote that all eight hundred Minutemen (the number envisioned for 1965, which is the earliest time an AICBM might become operative) could be hit within thirty-eight seconds. The destruction of some would result in the certain launching of others. The more likely targets for enemy missiles (assuming counterforce attack) will be the two hundred and thirty-four liquid fuel missiles (Atlas, Titan) then in operation, since they can be caught on the ground while fueling and they pack more punch if allowed to launch. But this will merely free more Minutemen.

Another anti-antimissile missile consideration (language is the first casualty of this war) is the mobile deterrent. Another is the new Midas satellite designed to detect launchings.* Still another is the immense number of missiles an enemy would need to be

* I do not mean to support the idea that our retaliation should be launched on the basis of any early warning signal, no matter how conclusive it appears. Apart from this, however, the Midas can help us determine the extent and source of an attack, putting us in readiness for quick and appropriate response, making it more likely that we will get most of our missiles off the ground even after the enemy strike has begun to hit. It would also be stabilizing in that it would help tell us if an explosion was an attack or a freak mistake. Since this sort of operation is its sole and manifest function, it is not a provocative instrument in the way the Samos spy satellite is.

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assured of disabling the thousand and thirty-seven hardened missiles of 1965 even if they could all be caught on the ground, or for that matter the hundred and fifty Minutemen we are to have installed, at intervals of a few miles from one another, in Montana by the end of this year. (Russia's *present* estimated missile strength, incidentally, is probably not sufficient to disable all the missiles in the eighteen installations around Tucson, Arizona, alone.)

Other factors weakening the argument that the AICBM can contribute to deterrence are its inevitably less than perfect accuracy (the Navy's Terrier missile put on an embarrassing display for President Kennedy in recent maneuvers, leading to *Newsweek*'s speculation that scrapped five-inch anti-aircraft guns may be restored to their former shipboard emplacements), its waste on decoys, and the uncertainty as to the direction from which Soviet missiles will approach since Khrushchev announced that he no longer has to send them over the North Pole. These factors mean that an immense number of AICBM's must be built for every ICBM they are meant to protect. The argument developed by Robert Paul Wolff in the May *Newsletter* of the Council for Correspondence can be turned upon ourselves at this point. Even if we make the unnecessary assumption that our full missile complement as of, say, January 1, 1963, must remain effective after an enemy strike, it is far cheaper and more deterrent simply to build thereafter an additional ICBM for every ICBM the enemy can send than to develop and build the AICBM network necessary to knock the same number of ICBM's out of the air. Much as this would swell the missilery of the nation, on balance it would probably look less aggressive than a big AICBM network would, since it could not pretend to insure against retaliation. Actually the deterrent could be maintained just by staying a few dozen missiles ahead, or less.

The antimissile missile, therefore, that costly will-o-the-wisp in pursuit of which we have exploded nuclear weapons in the earth's environment, is not only unlikely but silly, assuming that we aim at deterrence rather than at military staying power. And as for the threat that the Russians may have made "great gains" toward this weapon in their recent series—perhaps we should hope they

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have. Their vigorous pursuit of it would be a gratuitous contribution to our national security. As Wolff put it,

> Let us make the truly unrealistic assumption that by allocating two anti-missile missiles to each approaching ICBM, the Russians could achieve a 98% probability of knockout. . . . If 1000 missiles in 1965 will deter the Russians from attacking us, then 2000 missiles in 1970, facing 2000 anti-missile missiles (which will knock out 1000 of those 2000 missiles) will also deter them. By building anti-missile missiles the Russians will have gained nothing at all. And since our economy can stand the additional strain better than theirs, they will have actually disadvantaged themselves.

Our second primary concern in high altitude testing was the effects of high blasts on communication networks and radar. This has an obvious aggressive potential, but it also would seem to have a clear defensive significance. One of the effects about which we are worried is a surge of electromagnetic energy that travels through the ground after a large nuclear explosion. Although almost all reference to this effect has been censored out of the relevant Congressional hearings and there has been no discussion of it in the press, informed sources have suggested a fear that this energy will induce in electronic equipment a surge of current sufficient to put it out of commission, fusing relays, burning out wires and the like. The result could be that rockets might remain unlaunched after an an enemy first strike. Although some electronic experts outside the government think this effect unlikely, it is understandable that the testers want to learn whether the surging does indeed disable the crucial communications equipment, and, if so, what the relationship is to the size, height and proximity of the blast.

But again, is it necessary? Although it is not clear from the evidence at hand, one suspects that what may be damaged is not so much the ability to launch the missile as the ability to "read-out" from the individual missiles, to get information back from them during the entire launching process, which is a necessity in the "controlled response" counterforce technique. It is also unclear whether all the alternate routes for communication would be affected, and it may be that these tests are primarily to help choose between the present cable method, which is disliked because it

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causes difficulty with property owners and utility companies, and the preferred but not yet perfected "hard radio" method, which uses a buried antenna and sends its signals underground. Nonetheless, let us assume that everything would be affected; it would still be necessary for the Russians to perform many very powerful high blasts at one instant to disable all the ground retaliation facilities; a delay of a minute from one area to the next could release the latter area's missiles; while in any case the subs at sea, with sixteen Polaris missiles on board each, and the planes constantly in the air carrying bombs and four Skybolt missiles each, would be unaffected. Clearly the surge effect is important for counterforce strategy, and it is not negligible for minimum deterrence; but in terms of the question of whether it was necessary thus to reinvigorate the arms race in order to deter nuclear attack, especially given what we have known throughout 1962 about Soviet capability, the answer of a man not partaking of the military outlook would be that it was not necessary. Nonetheless it should be acknowledged that this is the hardest of the high altitude test arguments to dispense with, and at least one Washingtonian close to these matters who was himself no partisan of testing has told me that were he to argue for testing, this is the point he would use. If the minimum deterrent perspective is this hard to retain in Washington, one can imagine how difficult it would have been to hold the line against testing once one had chosen counterforce strategy over minimum deterrence, as President Kennedy appears to have done sometime last fall.

The other questions we meant to answer with high altitude testing are relatively more accessible. Can an enemy blast upset our long-range radio communications and make the ionosphere opaque to radar so that missiles above it could proceed untracked? The Argus tests of 1958 suggested as much. Yet here again, the contribution of radar tracking to the AICBM has no relevance to the question of whether or not the enemy could launch a first strike secure from retaliation, because the AICBM itself has no relevance. Nor would failure to observe that we were being attacked until missiles began to land cause our retaliation to be significantly withheld.

The military found a rather simple way to retain its deterrent effect upon an enemy contemplating blacking out our communica-

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tion and attacking; this spring it leaked a story about the November 24, 1961, SAC alert in a way designed to state to the world that failure of communications on any scale would itself be considered an attack and would provoke retaliation. The implied panic was unjustified, however. Alternate communication routes have also been established, as a result of the experience, which make the touted "blackout" ineffective; and this brings us to a more important critique of the argument for high altitude testing.

As *Newsweek* of May 7 pointed out, a shift from short-wave radio (which is affected because it must bounce off the disturbed ionosphere) to underwater cables would bypass the blockage of transoceanic communication created by the Argus effect. Furthermore, according to the new edition of *The Effects of Nuclear Weapons,* released by the Atomic Energy Commission and the Department of Defense on May 8 (significantly, *after* the tests had begun, although the book had been ready for months), a high altitude blast would cause no serious attenuation in signals in the very low frequency range used by the Navy for communicating with submerged Polaris submarines. Neither would it disturb the low, medium and very high frequencies used primarily for line-of-sight communications systems and "tropospheric scatter" systems (which go around the earth's curvature over ranges of from tens to several hundreds of miles). Radar too is little affected so long as both the radar and the target are below the ionosphere, and UHF frequencies used for satellite communications "will not be greatly affected," even though they must pass through the ionosphere. Thus the implication of total blackout left by most press releases before the test series began was misleading. The retaliation network would operate.

Finally, there had been some talk since Argus of creating a shell of radiation in the earth's magnetic field that would be so intense as to act as a missile barrier, paralyzing or destroying nuclear warheads or the missile guidance systems as they passed through it. Objections to our tampering with the earth's environment for strategic purposes such as this flooded in from responsible scientists, and we were criticized for failing to adhere to the resolutions we ourselves had written, which were passed in Paris

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last September by the highest deliberative body of world science, the International Council of Scientific Unions; but apart from that, as with all these effects, there was a simple way, not mentioned by the test advocates, for an enemy to nullify such drastic measures. Said *Newsweek* in summing up: "A straightforward change in warhead shielding would be one step, a switch to different radar frequency bands would be another, a shift from short-wave radio to underwater cables is a third." Since the Soviets launched satellites and stationed ships in the Pacific to monitor these high altitude effects, the necessary remedies will be assumed to have been taken on both sides.

In other words, the high altitude tests end up like all the others: no doubt very interesting, possibly an aid to further sophistication of the intriguing weaponry of prevailance and preemption, and possibly dangerous in ways no one can now predict; but utterly inessential to the task of deterring nuclear war.

So much for the package we bought. What did we pay for it? For one thing, our testing has encouraged the Russians on to another extensive round of tests in the atmosphere, adding further doses of radioactivity to foods like milk already termed "near the hazard point" by the Consumers Union. In July, health officials in Utah reported such high levels that "for the first time, fresh milk was diverted from the market to dry milk plants" where the two-month time lag involved in processing would effectively decontaminate it of Iodine-131. A number of other areas of the Midwest have experienced in early summer average daily concentrations for a month or more that if sustained for a year would be definitely dangerous to children. With the transfer of our own testing to the Nevada range, the opening of a Russian series of indefinite length and the imminent entrance of China into the testing game, such sustained levels become likely.

Furthermore, Russia needs testing more than we do, in order to develop a new generation of weapons. We already have this step behind us, so that at the end of a mutual series they will be closer to us than they were when we began. Actually a nuclear parity might be stabilizing, and one might wish that this had been our intent;

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but it is doubtful that the *purpose* of the tests is to diminish our lead, and therefore doubly doubtful that we will put up with such a situation when it becomes apparent. Any temporary stabilization brought about in this fashion will be undone both by the mobile and ambiguous quality of the new weaponry being developed by both sides and by our own insistence upon clear superiority. Momentary quiet should not be mistaken for real stability. The design of counterforce weapons is necessarily in perpetual flux, because every breakthrough may nullify existing security.

For another thing, in such a situation of flux long-range plans become impossible. Should the day come when a large part of the Russian deterrent is placed on submarines, planes and satellites, our zonal inspection proposals may become acceptable to the Soviets, but they will almost certainly no longer satisfy us, and so we shall abandon them just as we abandoned our proposals of 1955 and 1958. Stability of response will similarly be undermined. When America has shelters, AICBM's, more than a thousand accurate, foolproof and destructive missiles, more than a thousand bombers armed with both bombs and air-to-ground missiles with ranges of over one thousand miles, forty-one submarines carrying over seven hundred Polaris missiles and continuous satellite photography of Soviet territory, there will be no way for us to prove that our nuclear threshold—that degree of Soviet misbehavior that would provoke our nuclear response—is where we say it is. One of the several surprises awaiting the reader of the hearings on the 1963 defense budget, which commits us to these things, is that this question of threshold, and indeed the whole question of what effect our actions will have on Russian policies, is never raised.

Consider the ambiguities created for perception of threshold by the flexibility we mean to achieve, *should it be achieved.* In other words, as an exercise, judge the military drive toward credible counterforce capability by its fruits if successful, rather than by the fragmentary implementation of strategies that used to result from inefficiencies the Kennedy Administration is pledged to overcome, such as Pentagon rivalries and Republican budget-mindedness. When we have what we want, how will the Russians be made to believe us when we say, as we now do when asked if

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we mean to strike first, "Perish the thought"? Russia will never really know when she is about to cross our threshold. Does she cross it and provoke a punitive attack by hitting us? By hitting Europe? By sending troops to aid rebellions? By denying us access to Berlin for a few hours? By developing a new weapon? By *not* doing things we want her to do, like stopping China from aiding the Pathet Lao? By acting surly in the U.N.? Or by just existing? There is a theory in Washington that the effect of this agonizing uncertainty and anxiety will be to make Russia more amenable to disarmament and control on our terms, all of which assumes that she would not try to stay ahead of the situation and put us in the same position.

And if she could not? At the risk of contradicting such psychologists as the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the executives of Boeing and General Dynamics, we might predict other outcomes for this anxiety and dread. The overwhelming likelihood is that unlimited credibility of our nuclear punitiveness is a liability, leaving the enemy no choice but to move first. We may not *intend* to have such unlimited credibility, but with aggressive weaponry the limit is hard to find. Our credibility may appear greater to an enemy than it should; his military assessments have to allow for error and assume the worst, as our own "bomber gap" and "missile gap" phases should teach us. Emphasis upon ability to destroy the enemy's weapons, therefore, no matter what the context, will be destabilizing, the more so as it succeeds and the enemy is made to believe that if he does not intend to act first his security may depend upon our good humor.

Contradictory as it seems to our poker instinct to "keep them guessing," the only hope for the future is to have the threshold for the use of strategic nuclear weapons clearly at the one place where there is no ambiguity even with a minimum of nuclear force—at nuclear attack upon our borders—and to meet the hard political and military problems that would be raised among our European allies in more imaginative and perhaps more self-taxing ways, such as greater commitment of conventional troops along with a rigid denial of nuclear secrets to individual NATO countries. It may be that this position will necessitate our aiding West-

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ern Europe by allocating a small, inspectable, invulnerable deterrent to the NATO command (such as the five Polaris submarines offered by Secretary Rusk at the Athens Conference), and, failing this, an acceptance of national control by Western European nations of a minimum deterrent capability subject to inspection. This is a different matter from turning over to countries like France and West Germany the secrets that would enable them to develop varied and counterforce nuclear weaponry. While it contradicts our desire to avoid the Nth country problem, the sharing of finite deterrent weaponry with European allies is far preferable in terms of stability and inspectability to an attempt on our part to deter Soviet use of nuclear weapons in Europe by developing counterforce weapons capable of secondary and tertiary types of deterrence.

By now the reader may be aware of an unpleasant assumption underlying the above considerations. To argue for pure deterrence, to demand a minimal strategic nuclear weaponry capable only of deterring nuclear war and nothing else, to insist that actual problems of aggression be met, under the umbrella of such deterrence, by less catastrophic techniques ranging from conventional and guerrilla war to economic aid or sanctions and to nonviolent methods, is also to argue for city-busters, for population killers, for holding innocent people as hostages. It is to reject the "civilized" strategy of counterforce warfare, which aims at restricting destructiveness to military installations. One finds oneself advocating the most brutal and uncivilized kind of weaponry. What if one is wrong, and deterrence fails? Under the limitations of pure deterrence weaponry, the casualties might be nearly total. With counterforce strategies in effect, the process might be reversible midway, and the casualties might be only about a third of the populations or less. Surely the sheer quantity of lives has some qualitative meaning here. How can one maintain such a messy position?

In answering, it is tempting to point to the dubious nature of counterforce assumptions and insist that there is no such thing as real counterforce war: and perhaps such a position is justifiable.

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One hardly needs to have recourse to Norman Thomas or A. J. Muste in order to show that even counterforce nuclear war could be an overwhelming civil disaster, not when one can find military leaders or Secretary McNamara himself expressing in veiled fashion their doubts that any shelter or AICBM system within the bounds of America's willingness to spend could actually reduce casualties in a counterforce war to an "acceptable" level. Factors such as the placement of installations, the problems of aiming, the judgment of enemy intentions, technological obsolescence and the unpredictable weather, all weigh against claiming any sort of certainty that counterforce war is really counter-*force*. For example, the likelihood of keeping counterforce war limited to weapons installations was called into question by Admiral Arleigh Burke when testifying as Chief of Naval Operations before the Senate Armed Services Committee in 1961. He said then, "Many of these missile bases are right close to our cities, right close, so are many of our other bases. So an attack on our major bases would necessarily destroy a great many cities and a great many of our people. When those missiles start coming over you do not know whether the intent of the enemy was to hit or not to hit a city if he hits it. The same thing is true with the Russian military installations." Clearly the idea of counterforce war should not be confused with the gentility of times past when commanders thoughtfully fought their battles on distant hillsides and stopped for holidays. The traditional distinction between military and civilian is not regained by counterforce doctrine: if it were, we would not be concerned with shelters as part of that doctrine.

This does not, however, solve the problem. There still is a difference in intent between the two doctrines, and if the momentum of development is as powerful as it now appears to be, one must ask whether it might not be best to aim that development at the civilizing of nuclear warfare, however spurious the image propagated. Frankly, if we envision a static outlook on both sides, the minimum deterrent position has much against it. Prudence would dictate that the possibility of failure must be taken into account and the losses minimized, because over the years that possibility will grow greater. But when the primary consideration

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is what men can *do* within each alternative posture to bring the balance of terror to an end, the picture changes.

Obviously, nuclear threats neither join nor solve the real conflicts in human affairs. To be a genuine conflict, the cold war should be a political process, a conflict of ideas and human energies concerning the proper route of human development. The resort to military competition is an obfuscation of the issues: no one can seriously maintain that the society best able to channel all its energies into armaments has proved itself the best for human development. This is the kind of thought that produced medieval "ordeals." For the health of all societies, every effort must be bent to returning the conflict to politics, and if this is so, then every move must be judged by two criteria: whether it expedites the revival of political confrontation, and whether it shortens the duration of the nuclear threat. With these criteria uppermost, we have no choice. The unsavory and inhumane policy of pure deterrence becomes necessary for two reasons.

First, for all the evil that pure deterrence is, it is not an arms race. If adopted on both sides, it is static; if not clearly adopted by the enemy (for example, should Russia not follow us in giving up on the AICBM) it nonetheless moves only slowly. As such, it is not the primary productive and intellectual commitment of the nation. The arms race, on the other hand, is an immense productive and intellectual process, and as such it generates a mentality whose dangerous limitations are becoming apparent. The difference between this mentality and the mentality of politics is that it needs enemies even before it finds them. It is not bent upon resolving conflict. It scoffs at serious investment in instrumentalities designed to do so: witness the sad fate of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. It mints rationalizations which become the common coin of thought and judgment, and it colors even the most private values and experiences. In this sense, the arms race is our chief corruption: to fail to oppose it with every energy is to embrace the jailer of the mind as well as to invite the executioner of the body. It is an obstacle to the *politicization* of issues both internationally and within our community life. As long as we believe that conflict is a final release of destructive

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energies rather than an educational and productive process, we shall never be a political people. This belief is the basic disease of American politics, and the arms race is no medicine for it.

It is impossible to say to what extent we still retain the freedom to choose pure deterrence. Presuming we do, we should then also have the freedom to dismantle it; and this is the second reason for choosing it. Disarmament can be envisioned if both sides depend upon minimum deterrence for their security from *nuclear* attack. Finite deterrence is not sensitive to slight imbalances, is less likely to be misperceived in such a way as to turn the arms race upward again, can be mutually phased downward while being at once inspectable and effective in its limited mission down to the last dismantling of weapons, requires that new outlets be found for productive facilities (which is half the battle), and, finally, has no value in forcing one nation's will upon another in external affairs. In short, it solves no political problems and does not pretend to; but it allows problems to become political once again.

Sad to say, the Russians, not we, have been the most reluctant to leave the strategic position of invulnerable deterrence and to begin developing what might be called "policy weapons," doing so (as P. M. S. Blackett, the British physicist who advises the Macmillan government on military and scientific affairs, has recently shown in an article in the *Scientific American)* only in response to the nullification of their existing minimal deterrent by our U-2 flights. Perhaps this is the real irony of American history: in spite of their totalitarian background, the Russians have more faith in politics than we; in spite of the liberal intellectuals in our leadership, we believe less in the life of the mind and the power of ideas than they. They deter war, we deter the eternal forces of darkness. A strange kind of prudence has been evolved by American politics under conditions of international stress; and among the types of Americans sharing this quality, there is none so prudent, it seems, as a chastened liberal.

We should learn to recognize this prudence for what it is—a deep pessimism, a holding operation of the soul for some. And for others, perhaps men who have not looked so deeply, it is something else, although still integrally linked with the first. It is what

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sent the U-2 over Russia just before the summit meeting to get what Intelligence thought might be one last look. It is what sent Operation Dominic to the South Pacific this spring to get a few more answers. In spite of all the intricate explanations for our resumed atmospheric testing, be they technical or political, what operates here above all is neither humane concern nor strategic cunning, but Veblen's old Instinct of Workmanship—"a disposition to do the next thing, and do it as well as may be," which "occupies the interest with practical expedients, ways and means, devices and contrivances of efficiency and economy, proficiency, creative work and technological mastery of facts." In the myopia of fear, we concentrate upon immediate demands. The military naturally wants proficiency, the scientists naturally desire completion. Those who naturally want security, however, and who mean by this not military virtuosity but a reasonable expectation of the continuity of life, lose out. They present their case poorly, and they are overwhelmed. The effect of further testing was not to make men safer, but to make them bolder. It ushered in a new strategy, a revived weapons development, a bigger military budget and, perhaps, a new era. It was no coincidence that as the tests drew to a close the development of space technology was turned over to the military. We are on our way, and prudence is making daredevils of us all.

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The Revolution of Economic Development

ROBERT L. HEILBRONER

OF ALL THE CHANGES THAT HAVE TAKEN PLACE in the twentieth century, none is so charged with long-term significance as the revolution of economic development. Within the span of a single generation, two-thirds of the world has newly acquired political and economic self-consciousness, a phenomenon without parallel in human affairs. And this extraordinary awakening portends more than a mere widening of our historic field. Implicit as well, in the emergence of self-consciousness on a global scale, is a shift in the locus of the history-making process itself. The outbreak of the revolution of economic development signals a slow movement of the dynamic core of world events away from the Northern and Western nations into the broad new areas of the South and East. Regardless of the outcome of the cold war—and certainly in the advent of a hot war—the main current of historic evolution will henceforth increasingly reflect the emerging societies of the newly aroused continents.

It is sometimes said that this expansion of the history-making process into the underdeveloped lands represents the "meeting of East and West." No doubt the amalgam that time will bring into being in South America, Asia and Africa will mirror the habits of life and thought of these immense repositories of human culture. But the initiating impulse, the impelling force of development is not in any sense a "meeting" of East and West. Rather, economic development calls our attention to the contrast between deeply

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rooted aspects of the two cultures—the profound stasis characteristic of economic life in the East and South and the restlessness and cumulative movement of that of the North and West. In the coming of economic development as the guiding principle of world change, we see the supreme triumph of the Western principle over the Eastern, and in an economic sense, at least, the ultimate Westernization of the world.

No doubt it is this sense of patronship that accounts for much of the present favorably disposed Western attitude toward economic development. To be sure, the depths of human misery to which development calls attention has evoked powerful sentiments of compassion and sympathy. But over and above these is the still more powerful sentiment of recognition. For with the worldwide espousal of development, a hitherto unbridged gap begins to be closed. The language of development is the language of science, of economics, of education, of political evolution, which is to say that it speaks in the vocabulary of Western ideas. A unity of discourse, formerly little more than a philosophic ideal, is being formed in the pragmatic language of national growth.

It is not only the increased possibilities of communication that affirm the Western affinity for development. With development on a global scale there commences as well a strengthening of economic interdependence along Western lines. The relationship between the advanced and the backward nations, formerly lopsided and exploitative, turns gradually toward a more equitable and mutually satisfactory international division of labor. With development there must inevitably come the rise of manufacturing enterprise in the underdeveloped lands, and with this, in turn, the benefits (and the strains) of a widening flow of international trade. Already we find Brazil exporting automobiles, largely of indigenous manufacture, to Portugal, and India stands on the threshold of becoming an exporter of steel. This trend toward diversified and industrialized trade will indubitably grow during the coming decades.

Finally, the Westernization of the world reveals itself in the political drift of the underdeveloped countries. The age-old political structures of the East were characterized by Marx as "Oriental despotism." Typically they consisted of a hereditary nobility, sup-

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ported by a large bureaucracy, essentially interested in military security or conquest and in economic traditionalism. In the African continent, tribalism has provided the native political structure; in South America, a commercial feudalism reminiscent of the latifundia of the late Roman Empire.

All these archaic structures of political and economic power are now giving way to Western forms. In fact, the very predominance of economic considerations inherent in the idea of development is itself testimony to the Westernization of political thought in the backward areas.

Thus in terms of the common denominator of intellectual discourse, in economics, in politics, the movement of the underdeveloped countries is Westward. Not many years ago, when development first attracted attention, it was often necessary to stress this philosophic identification. The problem then was to make us look beyond the parochial bounds of American or European history into the hitherto ignored regions of the underdeveloped lands, and to see that the West was both the progenitor and the basic model for what was taking place there. Development was then a new idea and the offer of deliberate "aid" to development even newer.

Today, however, a more thoughtful view is needed. Development and aid to development seem firmly enough on the world's agenda, at least for the moment: the total level of international assistance to growth has risen steadily, year by year, over the past decade. The problem now is no longer to generate Western (or specifically American) enthusiasm for development, but to guard against a premature disillusion to which an uncritical view of development can easily lead.

For the fact that development is basically a Western-inspired and Western-oriented movement does not mean that it is necessarily a movement whose impetus will take it into the European-American ambit. We must not forget that Marxism and communism are also Western ideas, and that modern Russia is also culturally, intellectually and socially in the Western tradition. (Indeed, the Russian Revolution can be seen, in part, as the Westernization of a formerly "Eastern" peasantry.)

Hence in their general drift into the mainstream of Western

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history, the leaders of the underdeveloped world will have a choice between divergent currents of Western development: the one represented by the free-enterprise, free-dissent nations of the Atlantic, and the other by the planned-enterprise, limited or no-dissent nations of the Soviet orbit.

Which course of Western development will the underdeveloped nations choose? One cannot predict *en masse* for a situation that covers a variety of regions markedly different from one another in culture, institutional background, geographic exposure. In each nation the course of development will necessarily reflect local obstacles and stimuli, local political and economic realities. Mexico will not go the way of Ghana, and Ghana not the way of Turkey. Yet underlying this variegated process is a substratum of political, economic and social actualities on which all the developing nations must build their different architectures. It is this substratum of development to which we have not, as yet, paid sufficient heed. Let us indicate a few of the aspects of development it calls to our attention:

1. The process of development is not solely or even primarily economic.

Development cannot be thought of solely in terms of quantitative output—of economic growth. This is the easiest and most visible index of development, but it is not by any means the full measure of the development process. For economic growth will not commence without previous social and political change, and once in motion it will not continue without accompanying political and social adaptation.

This is an essential aspect of development that is easily forgotten by the advanced nations whose radical political and social transformations are long behind them. These nations have established institutional frameworks conducive to and more or less smoothly responsive to economic growth: when we talk of rising Gross National Product in the Western nations, we can usually ignore the social and political changes required to bring about (or brought about by) economic advance.

But this is not the case with the backward nations. Here a rising

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economic index is inextricably connected with social and political alterations, often of a wrenching sort. Indeed, the initial task of a developing nation is the construction of an institutional framework in which "economic" growth can take place. A modern farming population must be created from a traditional peasantry; a disciplined work force from a ragged corps of casual laborers; a modern managerial class from the descendants of bazaar merchants; a reliable civil service from an often nepotistic and corrupt state bureaucracy. In a word, the various classes of society must be infused with the drives and instilled with the restraints required for the operation of a modern economic nation-state.

This process of social change is arduous and time-consuming. But until the social metamorphosis is well under way, what we can measure by way of "economic" development will not fully alert us to the progress of the great Westernization process itself.

2. The changes required to create a dynamic society tend to be revolutionary.

It is not an easy matter for a nation emerging from a tradition-bound past to develop a radically new social and political structure. For the changes required are not merely minor adjustments. Feudal or aristocratic power must be severely curbed. Outmoded attitudes, among the peasantry as much as among the mercantile classes, must be discouraged. Prevailing customs, many of which have provided time-honored guidelines for conduct, may have to be swept aside. Only in part will such changes take place by spontaneous adaptation. In large measure they will have to be introduced and vigorously encouraged (or enforced) by the forceful exercise of new political leadership.

We tend to think of the emergence of such new leadership as a "reform" of an existing social order. But reform is a political term that implies that between contending groups there are no deep and irreconcilable clashes of interest. It characterizes a society in which those who relinquish power are prepared to acquiesce—however reluctantly—in the new order, as was the case with the land-holding aristocracy of England in the mid-nineteenth century, and with the business groups in America in 1932.

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In the struggle for economic development, this more or less peaceful transfer of power may not be so easily achieved. Those who represent the cause of rapid development will of necessity propose programs of social change and economic reorientation that sharply challenge established class interests. More often than not they will require the extirpation of feudal landowning rights, the enfranchisement of the feared and uneducated city masses, the end of tax privileges for the wealthy or of the avenues to personal enrichment available to the governing elite. Such "reforms" may cut to the very heart of the *status quo*. And it is not only the wealthy who are threatened. The casual worker must also yield to an unaccustomed and usually unwelcome discipline. More critical, the peasantry must accept agricultural changes that disturb his ancient routines, that may uproot him, that may even dispossess him.

This fundamental rearrangement of privilege and this wholesale demand for sacrifice make the political aspect of development a revolutionary rather than an evolutionary process. The dynamics tend to be uncompromising, harsh, disturbing. It would be a rash generalization to state that no nation can develop without one or more political revolutions, but it is safe to state that few will escape the continuing strain of potential revolution.

3. The tensions of economic development tend to increase.

Economic development, under the most propitious circumstances, is not a quick process. The social and political changes required for its accomplishment are themselves long-drawn-out and laggard. And the economic task by itself bulks enormously large. We have forgotten how long was the period of industrialization for the Atlantic community; and although it can no doubt be accelerated, the examples of Russia and of China have shown us that the progress of capital accumulation is at best laborious and slow.

Added to this is the fearful burden of expanding populations which tend, in nearly every underdeveloped land, to dilute the gains from a growing stock of capital in a flood of additional claimants on output. Thus, despite fairly imposing rates of growth, the net per capita improvement is apt to be modest, or even imperceptible. And to add still a further difficulty, the engineering of eco-

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nomic growth imposes a need to channel economic effort into capital building rather than into consumption. It is only by building for the future that one can hope to leave the treadmill of the past and present. But this very process of investment necessitates a postponement of current satisfactions, a denial of immediate gains.

Thus the pace of economic development is unavoidably protracted and painful. Meanwhile, however, no such slowness attaches to the psychology of development. On the contrary, aspirations are apt to race out ahead of achievement. At the commencement of development, the visions of a "Western" standard of living are confined to a small elite: the students, journalists, professional men, politicians, the army. With time, however, these visions penetrate to the lower orders, bringing with them a new impatience with old conditions, a restlessness, a desire for quick solutions to intransigent problems. Hence we find that the process of economic development, far from leading to increased social cohesion and contentment, is apt to stir up fires of discontent and to encourage tendencies to extreme forms of action.

4. Collectivist solutions are apt to be sought.

Many of the considerations above—the profound social changes needed to set the stage for rapid economic growth, the class displacements of economic movement, the growing gap between aspiration and achievement—create an environment in which collectivism flourishes. To many of the backward nations, untutored in the ways of political democracy, with a history of despotism and political violence, authoritarian government may well provide the natural framework for political stability. Equally or more pertinent is the fact that the massive deployment of men and resources, the redirection of social energies may not be possible in many of these lands without forceful intervention into economic life. The sophisticated and voluntaristic means of the market mechanism are likely to prove inadequate, either as stick or carrot, at the early stages of the great transformation. At a later stage, when the initial birth pains are past, it is possible that the market mechanism will again find its usefulness (as we begin to see today in Russia), but

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in the present early condition of development the tendencies point toward thorough-going planning and collectivism as the only means of commencing the ascent itself.

Without question this collectivist tendency may be tempted to the extreme left. Machinations of the Communists aside, there are strong internal leftward tendencies in many ex-colonial nations who have received their lessons on capitalism in the school of imperialism. Yet communism is by no means the only direction in which collectivism may swing. Few of the underdeveloped nations are blind to the price of Sino-Soviet vassalage. Independent socialist states such as Yugoslavia, or military-nationalist states such as Egypt may well provide a pattern for the political drift and nomenclature of the underdeveloped lands.

What seems certain is that few of these nations will fall naturally into a democratic, free-enterprise pattern. Given the extreme tensions, the fearful difficulties, the lack of social or economic preparedness, it is not reasonable to expect that the delicate and highly refined political economies of the Atlantic nations are apt to be reproduced during the initial Westernization of the East and South.

This is surely a different view of development from that which most Americans or Westerners hold. Does it imply that America and the West have misplaced their faith in economic development?

Many who begin to understand the disruptive capacity of development may be tempted to urge a withdrawal of American support for a process that seems fraught with danger to our national interest. But such an advocacy of retreat ignores the consequences to us of an American "isolationism." A failure to help development will not deflect or diminish its unruly or untoward trends. It would only swing them all the more rapidly in the direction of the other Western contender—communism.

The challenge to the Atlantic nations is surely not to abandon development, just as it is not to sentimentalize it. Development will continue through our times as a central theme of world history, and our problem will be to adjust to it, as much as or more than the development process itself forces the East and South to adjust to the West. The great task of the Atlantic community must be to

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speed the emergent nations through the most dangerous and trying period of development, while seeking at the same time to minimize the extent to which the developing world will look to communism as the most likely answer to their problems.

We are not likely to exert a moderating influence, however, unless we are prepared to view development realistically. Only if we understand and accept the forces that press the underdeveloped lands into revolutionary attacks on primitive and vast problems can we offer counsel that will be relevant to their plight. Our capacity for effectively guiding the societies now being molded depends to a very large extent on the degree to which we are able to think and talk a language of economics and politics that is far removed from that of our standard pious catechisms.

Perhaps more than any other issue of our times this challenge probes to the very heart of our social order. To communicate with the developing nations requires an ability to escape from familiar surroundings, comfortable ideologies, white skins; to envisage life under circumstances that strain our imaginations; to face not the easy morality of choosing the good and discarding the bad, but the painful morality of choosing among evils. Whether or not we will be able to meet this challenge we do not know. Perhaps we should remember that regardless of our own actions the underdeveloped world will surely enter the sphere of influence of the West. The question is: which West?

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Calendar

JOHN UPDIKE

Toward August's end,
a hard night rain;
and the lawn is littered
with leaves again.

How the seasons blend!
So seeming still,
summer is fettered
to a solar will

which never rests.
The slanting ray
ignites migration
within the jay,

and plans for nests
are hatching when
the northern nation
looks white to men.

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The Mind of the Critic

MARVIN ROSENBERG

AN INTERESTING CRITICAL CONTROVERSY, involving a psychological interpretation of a fictional character, flared briefly in a critical review some years ago. Under discussion was Robie Macauley's novel, *The Disguises of Love,* about the seduction of a college professor by a girl student, a sophisticated blonde who knew what she wanted and got it. The reviewer liked the book, but less for its manifest content than for what he found latent in it. He argued that the aggressive girl, named Frances, must have been conceived originally as a boy, Francis, and that the story's heterosexual affair disguised relations really intended to be homosexual. The author must have switched the sex, as Proust did in devising an Albertine out of his Albert, to make the novel more acceptable.

The novelist, Macauley, replied matter-of-factly: Frances was always intended to be a *girl;* there was no reason to suppose she could be anything else. He observed that the critic's evidence for disguised homosexuality amounted essentially to this: Frances wore a tan trench coat and could competently peg a rock at a boy. These circumstances, Macauley pointed out, might apply to any number of girls at Bennington College, where the critic taught. The novelist might have noted other points—for instance, that Frances also wore a very feminine, padded silk bed jacket and a scandalous French bathing suit; but he seemed to think it was enough, as author, to disclaim an obvious misinterpretation, and beyond a few scraps of argument confined himself mainly to gentlemanly insults.

Many a critic would have retreated into silent confusion. Not so the reviewer. He counterattacked indignantly. "I am sorry that Mr. Macauley, for whatever reason, prefers not to have written the

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interesting and complicated novel I read and tried to describe, and prefers instead to have written the poor thin novel *he* describes. . . ." The critic had no doubt which of the two versions was the more accurate: his own. "Mr. Macauley is not the first novelist to have builded better than he knows or will admit; nor will he, probably, be the last. I am not prepared to be scared out of a critical reading of a novel by the author's waspish insistence that it is not *his* reading. . . ."

What concerns us here is the special and stubborn nature of a critical perception. Many other critics had read the book without scenting homosexuality in it, as the author pointed out; the reviewer's only answer to this—and a rather waspish one—was that these other critics were, for all he knew, "forty licensed Musak outlets." He stood against the author and the critical world on his private perception.

This kind of maverick judgment serves usefully to focus our attention on the nature of the critical response. Why are the reactions of critics to the same work of art sometimes sharply, even perversely, at odds? Critics are presumably especially perceptive persons, sensitive to universal emotions and thoughts, and peculiarly able to recognize valid communication in art. But when they recognize different qualities in the same object, subscribe to different values, divide into schools and new schools and new, new schools, then clearly many variables enter the process of critical behavior. Why? Why does one perceive what the other does not? What comes through the eye and ear to the brain? What determines the context into which the new experience is assimilated? Why *is* the critic a critic—what impulses and skills bring him to this perilous undertaking? What "personality" factors condition his ways of perceiving?

To know all this, for a critic, is to know himself. This goal once seemed a modest one, within the reach of anyone honest and earnest enough to persevere in introspection. Not any more. The nature of the self—its very existence—is a matter of debate; the ways of knowing it, and of knowing how it perceives, grow more complex and fall into the hands of experts, from the psychological to

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the physiological. Ultimately biophysiopsychologists may measure an experience of art from the moment of contact through every membranous disturbance and reverberation in the biological structure we call mind and memory.* Meanwhile psychologists speculate on perception; and an awesome testimony to its complexity are the many different major theories—some thirteen—that have been evolved to explain it. Some of the resulting experiments raise questions of particular interest and importance to the critic concerned with how and why he responds to art.

A wealth of evidence indicates that perception is only one part of an organic process, inextricably fused with thinking, learning, motivation. Some kind of choice is involved: of the millions of possible perceptions in any given unit of time, only a limited number can be admitted to awareness. We can never perceive all of a given complex art object; and some of what we do perceive may be "embedded" in the object, projected into it or sensed in it below the level of consciousness. Our selection of what we do allow ourselves to perceive, and our defenses against perceptions we refuse to admit, whether conscious or unconscious, are determined by many subtle inherited, learned or environmental factors.

Most elementary is the biological factor, particularly the influence of sexual difference in perception. Common sense and tradition have long held that woman has an extra endowment of some qualities—such as intuition and feeling—while man has such others as the power to act and think in abstractions; although artists—and critics—of either sex are generally assumed to share special sensitivities to the felt life of the other sex. There is some experimental evidence of sexual differences in perception. The importance of this to esthetic response is clear. The critic, man or woman, who would evaluate symbols created by artists of the opposite sex

* What lies in store for us here is suggested by Werner R. Loewenstein, "Biological Transducers," *Scientific American,* 203 (August, 1960), 2, 99–111: ". . . physiologists deal with information systems in which signals are carried by ions through conduction lines composed chiefly of water and salts. In a typical conductile nerve-fiber a region of membrane cannot remain unexcited for long next to an excited one. The excited region generates an electric current that is more than sufficient to excite the neighboring region; this region in turn excites the next, and so on. In this manner excitation sweeps in a wave over the entire membrane."

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undertakes vicarious participation in the experience of partly unlike creatures. A study of artistic history suggests that the most primal, urgent associations of women differ from those of men. Mr. Kinsey's studies of male and female sex habits concluded that in one central area, sexual imagery, what is compellingly attractive to men is not necessarily favored by women, nor do women maintain the same intensity of interest in this imagery. This finding, which may correlate with biological function, implies that the literature of passion as usually written by men—often about the erotic ecstasies of women—might therefore be partly the wildest of projections. There may be subtler levels on which the sexes differ in their capacity to create—or respond to—artistic symbols. In one interesting study dealing with discrimination of figures so embedded in backgrounds that they were barely perceivable, male subjects recorded what they saw by drawing figures with closed curves and straight lines, while the women tended to emphasize openings in curved and straight figures. Modifying this and similar studies are findings that suggest that in our society, with its increasing equality in sexual roles, each sex tends to absorb some of the overt attitudes of the other, and this minimizes perceptual differences. This poses a crucial question: how much do men and women, as artists and critics, react as they have learned they are supposed to? Have men generally written the pornography because this has not been a socially approved activity for women—until our own crop of female novelists of the erotic? How much do critics look for—or avoid—subtle sexual motivations in art because they have been conditioned by this Freudian age? It seems unlikely that conditioning could cancel out entirely the biological difference in sexuality; for the evidence suggests that even in learning to be the same the sexes learn differently.

More important, as individuals we may perceive in very different ways. Some variations in perceptual capacity seem to be built into the physical process itself. Thus we have been found to differ in the relative sharpness of our sensitivity to sensual images; some of us are especially alive to visual impressions, some to auditory, some to images associated with smell, some to those related

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to touch and movement. In the same way some of us have predominantly visual habits of thinking; some minimize the visual and think mainly with verbal concepts.

The importance of variation in the critic's capacities for perception is obvious in the arts that depend on direct sensual contact, as in music, painting, sculpture. But it is equally important where evaluation demands the capacity to experience imagery vicariously, as with the drama. This is one of the art forms meant to communicate images perceived by eye and ear; but it is often studied only through its verbal form. The result is that critics who are not alert to this essential element in the art may discover meanings in the great play-texts that are essentially philosophical or psychological abstractions, impossible of realization by the instruments of the playwright—his actors and his theater. Thus Hamlet has been seen as a snarling, hateful protagonist; Lear as a senile old man from beginning to end; Iago as motivated by a homosexual attachment for Othello; Othello as a self-deceived, blustering fool. Usually such conceptions have to be rejected by actors because they are without visual reality; they are verbal abstractions.

The capacity for effective visual imaging that is essential to the critic of the drama, the dance or the plastic arts may have a different kind of importance in other areas. In one experimental study testing the capacity of various subjects to comprehend Immanuel Kant's philosophy, those with a visual habit of mind proved inferior to their verbal-minded fellows. This experiment, besides providing a good excuse for the many people who have difficulty understanding Kant, perhaps explains why some critics have a partiality for poetry and fiction of a highly conceptual, cerebral content, while others prefer literature that leans to concretions and simple metaphor. We need to know more about this. May the perceiver who takes readily to concepts unconsciously offer resistance to the essentially nonrational communications of some forms of art? Are there dangers in the relatively high degree of conceptualization practiced by some critics—particularly in an age where one trend of art is to be less and less conceptual? May it arm them against the primal, the emotional in art? May it reduce their ca-

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pacity for imagery? Gardner Murphy writes: "Verbal habits appear to weaken or destroy images, perhaps because the attention to words reduces the practice given to images, perhaps because the reality attitudes required for verbal report inhibit the fantasy attitude necessary for imagery."

Tissues that are used, Murphy observes, tend to differ more and more from those that are not used. Then perhaps simple cortical development may be a factor in esthetic perception. The active mind is thought to grow steadily more complex as a physical organism: hence it may seek to nourish itself on more complex materials; if so, sheer complexity may become a value as the mind passes beyond less exacting materials. Here again we must stop at the locked door of the physiology of esthetics.

The response to art is supposed to be a pleasurable one. What is pleasure? There is the curious experiment of the rats who had electrodes attached to their brains so that they would get an electric shock when they stepped on a particular place. They were supposed to be learning to avoid the place; but the shock gave them some strange kind of satisfaction, and they began shocking themselves at will, forsaking other excitements. If esthetic pleasure is a function of some kind of bodily process, then what kind?

There is always the disturbing possibility that "enjoyment" is something the trained critic leaves behind. T. S. Eliot has mordantly observed that the mark of a literary man is that he "can no longer read anything with pleasure." Most critics accept the responsibility of reacting to art on several levels: of trying for instance to respond with a "first-time" freshness while their analytic powers are measuring means and values. Some frankly assert the superiority of an experienced, "funded" response to a work of art. When the critic's nervous system responds to an arousal stimulus (which a work of art is) not primarily by being aroused but by speculating on the arousal techniques, are different parts of the nervous system involved? Does the practice of the one reaction diminish the other in any way?

A sophisticated response to art is inevitably a partly learned response, and a learned response implies an awareness of the

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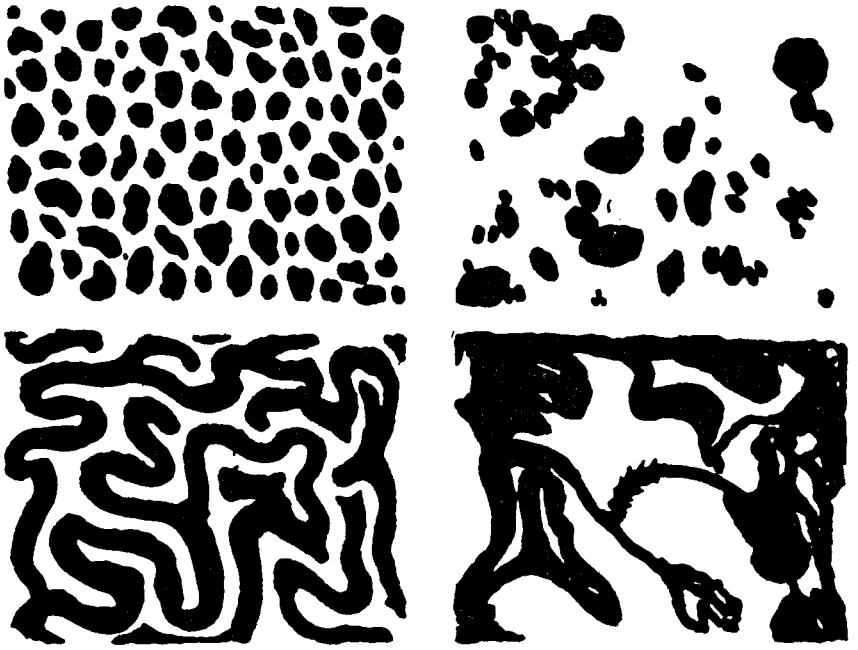
learned responses of others. Inevitably, then, there are critical fashions: how strongly do they influence perception? Before I develop this, consider the following plate from this point of view: which pair of rectangles, the left or the right, is esthetically superior?



This plate was used by Paul Weiss, the distinguished biologist, as part of an argument in the Winter, 1960, *Dædalus,* that the essential forms of art are to be found in nature. In the example above it seemed to him that the left pair reflected a natural process of "dividing the space continuum into harmonious patterns of rhythmically alternating properties." The "ordered patterns resulting from such group dynamics are contrasted [in the right pair] with those to be expected from sheer randomness. . . . The aesthetic superiority of the left over the right panels is immediately apparent. . . . They contrast agreeably with the disordered randomness of their right hand counterparts."

It seemed to me at a glance that, in terms of critical fashion at least, Dr. Weiss's conclusion was debatable. I tested this while discussing esthetic perception at a meeting of the American Society

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for Aesthetics by projecting the plate on a screen and asking for an indication of esthetic preference by a show of hands. (I asked first that all eyes be closed before the voting began, for reasons that will be apparent in a moment.) Of some seventy people present, one chose the left-hand panel.

Why did we in this majority—for I would have voted with the mass—conform so surely and promptly in our response? One possible—and somewhat flattering—answer has been turned up by the Institute for Personality Assessment at the University of California. As part of its intense study of creativity and creative individuals, the Institute exposed to its subjects designs ranging from rigidly balanced to highly unbalanced. From the responses, two persisting preferences were discerned: one for relatively simple, balanced, orderly patterns and traditional design; the other for asymmetry, for movement rather than equilibrium, for the strange, complex and dynamic rather than the predictable and carefully ordered. According to Frank Barron, the personalities that lean to these preferences can be generally described, by observation and self-classification, as "stable" for the traditionalists and "unstable" for their opposites. (These terms do not measure mental balance, but refer rather to the flexibility with which experience is approached.) These findings intersect interestingly with attempts by philosophers to classify types of critical thinkers. For instance, the symmetrical-asymmetrical dichotomy could perhaps be related, with more investigation and a further breakdown, to the four fundamental critical attitudes postulated by Stephen Pepper: the formist, mechanist, organicist and contextualist; as it is, the formist-contextualist categories do resemble the psychologists' symmetrical-asymmetrical.

Two further points should be noted here. First, Barron observes some experimental evidence that background and education are important to these perceptual preferences—that the "unstable" may result partly from flexible, informal upbringing, while the "stable" sometimes is the product of more formal training. Second, the Institute's depth study of creativity seemed to indicate that the most creative subjects preferred the asymmetrical, dynamic pat-

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terns, while the less creative were more likely to approve the regular designs. It was concluded that highly creative people are more accessible to the ferment and fantasy of the subconscious, hence are more ready to tolerate the nonorder of experience.

Inevitably the problem of conditioning arises here. Dr. Weiss, when he generously allowed me to make use of his material, questioned the preference for the right panel on the ground that esthetic value may be a different thing from critical evaluation. Whether or not an absolute esthetic value exists dependent on relation to organic form or any other factor, there can be no doubt that critical preferences are often a matter of temporary fashion, and often reflect milieu. It is quite possible that during most of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the orderly left panels in the plate above would be regarded by many as preferable. While a modern critic could easily justify the right panels for their dynamic movement, active space, et cetera, a classicist might as readily have found reason for rejecting them.

Attempts have been made to reduce the complexity-order ratio to a formula, notably in George D. Birkhoff's $M = \frac{c}{o}$. The esthetic measure (M) equals the complexity (c) of the art object (that is, its demands on our attention) in proportion as it rewards us with the "positive tone of feeling" (o) of symmetry, harmony, order. But Birkhoff takes a very orthodox view, exalting symmetry and viewing ambiguity as strongly negative; most important, his simple associationist theory is, as he admits, inadequate to account for the connotative ramifications of esthetic response, "which defy analysis." Arousal by art objects in terms of their formal order or their defiance of it must of course involve complex personal, social and philosophical attitudes. It has been suggested that in the neoclassical periods the pursuit of "decorum" and conventional form was one means by which society tried to protect itself from the anxiety of a nonorderly existence. In contrast, ours is an age in which artists have been encouraged to leave the shelter of conventional form, to break with pattern, to release the creative impulse with a minimum of inhibition. Society in turn has been instructed to welcome the nonrepresentational in plastic arts, as well as similar

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variations in form in music and literature. Is there a functional relationship between antiformism and the breaking down of social forms? Are both related to the apparently high incidence of anxiety? Are we learning to conform to formlessness?

Certainly the pressure of custom and authority is as continuously felt in ours as in any society, and it must threaten the most flexible minds. Henri Peyre's melancholy survey, *Writers and Their Critics,* aptly subtitled, *A Study of Misunderstanding,* notes how often established critics accustomed to one way of looking at art failed to evaluate truly the new styles of artists inevitably working at the frontiers of creation. Too often it has been the exceptional critic who could stand on the shoulders of his period and take the prophetic long view that, a century later, any literary apprentice would enjoy through hindsight. To escape being obedient children of one's own times takes continuous effort. And courage.

Acquiescence to conformity has been measured in the laboratory, and the results are rather terrifying. In one such study the psychologist collects several subjects in a room and asks for a simple perceptual judgment—for instance, which of two lines is longer. The diabolical aspect of this situation is that only one subject is really being tested; the others have been secretly prepared to give the wrong answer. After all of these stooges have said that the shorter line is the longer, the victim—fittingly called the "naïve" subject—must either confirm or deny: confirm the plain evidence of his senses in the face of mass disagreement, or deny it, and join the erring crowd. Many "naïves" stood by their independent convictions—some partly for the sheer delight in independence—but a large proportion, needing the approval of the group, or lacking confidence in their own judgment, yielded to the corruption of the majority and agreed publicly with error. These experiments concern us because they are laboratory facsimiles of the test a critic undergoes every time he articulates an opinion. He is tempted sometimes to bravado disagreement with the learned world, but more often to easy agreement, to enrollment in a "critical school" that will give sanction to his statements. This is why I asked the audience looking at Dr. Weiss's plate to vote with closed eyes—to

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avoid the contagion of neighbor opinion. It is hard not to see the emperor's absent clothes when every learned contemporary is talking about how rich and beautiful they are. The true critic must not only see the idol naked, but also be able to judge fairly whether he looks better that way.

We are only beginning to learn how pervasively conformity affects us. We take for granted esthetic preferences that may be rooted in cultural backgrounds that are essentially provincial. In a study of this on a simple level, designs based on patterns used commonly in West African carving, weaving and metal works were tested on British and on West African subjects; there was no agreement on preferences between the two groups. On a deeper level, studies of myth and folk tales suggest that the most basic themes of our symbolic life are shaped from cultural as well as psychic experience. Such psychoanthropological studies as Abram Kardiner's demonstrate how civilizations make even their gods out of their projections: thus the fearsome saw-toothed deity of a cannibal tribe—and the obvious examples closer to home. The art forms we take for granted similarly may be determined by nuclear experiences we do not recognize. An analysis of folktales in relation to child-training is interesting here. It found that in primitive societies where children were not restrained from aggressive behavior the typical folk hero contended with antagonists relatively close to him in friendship or blood; and he usually defeated them. In societies where children had to fear punishment for aggressive activity, the legendary hero was made to fight against strangers; and in the end he usually lost. Is there a clue here to the form we call tragedy—and our response to it? We may be more other-directed than we know.

Inner pressures likewise may affect perception in unseen ways. It was found in a study of reactions to the comic, for instance, that subjects suffering from neurotic tension did not laugh at the things that amused others. Thus, when presented with a Charles Addams cartoon—one of those Gothic sketches of witches and warlocks in which sadism is made laughable—these subjects did not find it funny: they took the cruelty seriously. What a frightful world they must live in, we say, without a "normal" sense of humor. But then

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consider another experiment, using the Ames distorted rooms. In these rooms, where perspective is so perverted that the tall must seem short and the short, tall, most "normal" subjects perceived the illusions as actuality; but subjects who were emotionally involved with what they perceived tended to see through the illusions, and even through variations of reality caused by distorted lenses. This reflects a situation many critics must recognize introspectively: a personal involvement with the subject matter of art can interrupt esthetic perception and seriously affect illusion. Psychoanalytic literature suggests an almost infinite range of possible personal involvements, with built-in barriers to "normal" perceptions through such processes as repression, regression, transposition, fantasy, et cetera. These are so many and various that "normal" perception can only be postulated as an imaginary mark somewhere in the middle of an endless continuum.

The final decision as to what we will perceive in art or life clearly can not be correlated with any one or any grouping of the influences discussed here. The reactions of men may be classified statistically, but each person represents a unique life experience, and any complex perception is conditioned by the totality of his past as well as by the special quality of his present. He does not, as Jean Piaget has demonstrated, respond homogeneously to the whole of a complex stimulus field, but must focus or "center" on selected stimuli. If instructed to look for certain things, he will miss others—a classic discovery of primary importance to esthetics, as Carroll Pratt has observed. The critic may see only what he has learned to look for; as a result, Pratt notes, "two people who disagree about a work of art may not be talking about the same thing." What a critic learns to look for is likely to become part of his whole organization of attitudes, his "set." "The perceived world pattern mirrors the organized need pattern within," Murphy points out. To protect his vision of the world pattern, Leo Postman and Jerome Bruner have amply demonstrated, he will usually stalwartly defend himself against perceiving what may contradict it. Since he is never twice the same, his perception of an object can never be twice the same—although he may wish it were. A kind of esthetic Principle

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of Uncertainty exists here: by being observed, the art object becomes a different thing. "The primary perceptual process is itself an interaction," observes Murphy; "the water drop is shaped, so to speak, as it strikes the surface of the pool, and . . . the surface of the pool is in some measure shaped as the water drop touches it." Successive observations involve successive changes. In works of art that are sufficiently complex, perception may go increasingly deeper. But habituation and satiation may affect perception, too: novel stimuli that at first shock or offend may after several exposures be tolerated, then liked; repeated exposures without satisfactory arousal have been shown to bring boredom and rejection. This perhaps explains both the passing of fads in art—particularly those initiated by the shock of novelty—and inevitable changes in attitude over a lifetime of criticism.

Of what use to the critic are these questions psychology forces on us? Mainly, to help him search out the capacities—and incapacities—that enhance or hinder his work. How acutely does he respond to various modes of sensual imagery? What does he perceive in a given piece of literature or art? Why? What does he perceive—or not perceive—that others do, and why? How much of his response is the reflection of his elders, or his peers or his fears? How closely does he conform to accepted beliefs? And for that matter, how closely does he conform to his own beliefs—of a year ago, or ten years ago? (It is a fairly safe axiom that anyone who agrees point by point with himself over a decade probably stopped growing nine years ago.) Finally, why does he want to be a critic, of all things? What led—or drove—him to it?

No amount of exhaustive self-inquiry can enable the critic to lay hold of that ghost called objectivity. However wise he is about himself and the processes of his thought, he remains an individual, with a unique response system. Part of the value of his work must lie in his individuality—even when it leads him astray; for this too will help him examine, as rigorously and mercifully as he can, the instrument of perception and communication that resides in him.

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The Separation

John Haag

Before my lungs unwrinkled I had traced
All evolution in a saline sac.
Who's written half the history there embraced?
He who would find the future must go back.
Even a tear is salty. Yet the eye
Would see the ocean floor completely dry.

I lost my gills while still a pollywog.
I learn from turtles how to hold my breath
While puzzling out that briny decalogue,
Our oldest lore, and watching from beneath:
The blessed buoyant float serenely yet,
Pretending that their bottoms are not wet.

Show me the cradle that was never swayed
By tidal rhythms. Heaven was once awash.
Gods in their youth were finny and afraid.
Who lives on air denies his brother fish.
None who have left the sea departed whole.
Who yet can tell the flounder from the sole?

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What fish is this? The grunions of the mind
On moony nights may fertilize a beach.
By day the drylings gather there to find
What life the sea has brought within their reach.
The sea still yearns for the moon—its other part—
And yields to the wind the secrets of its heart.

Singly, the wind says: Guilty; water: Drown.
I study the amphibia; in silt
I seek a footprint—should it be my own
It may absolve milleniums of guilt
And teach me what the wind and water meant
When they sang in chorus: All are innocent.

✪ JOHN HAAG has published widely in England, and in America he has appeared in *The New Yorker, Hudson Review* and some dozen other periodicals. In 1961 he joined the English faculty at Pennsylvania State University, where he "lives farther than a short walk from the sea for the first time in eighteen years."

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With Faulkner in Japan

GAY WILSON ALLEN

THE SAD NEWS OF WILLIAM FAULKNER'S DEATH brings back to me with nostalgic poignancy the summer of 1955 when I was closely associated with him for two weeks in the little mountain resort town of Nagano in Japan. That summer the Exchange of Persons Branch of the United States Department of State sent two Americans to Japan to lecture, Faulkner and myself. He had recently won the Nobel Prize in Literature and anything he said or did was newsworthy in almost every country of the world. I was sent because my specialty, Walt Whitman, was enjoying (from whatever Valhalla he now inhabits) a temporary flurry of popular interest on the occasion of the first centennial of *Leaves of Grass,* and I was the poet's latest biographer. It would not have been difficult to find eminent critics skeptical of the appropriateness of representing American culture by either Walt Whitman or William Faulkner, but the reception given Mr. Faulkner left little doubt that he at least was a happy choice.

As the incomparably less famous, I arrived earlier, stayed longer and followed a more routine schedule than the great novelist, whose presence alone was a "cultural exchange." But both of us were to participate in the annual Seminar in American Literature that our Government had begun sponsoring each summer for about fifty Japanese teachers of the English language and American literature in the colleges and universities of Japan. These sessions were then being held in Nagano City, a summer vacation spot near the "Japanese Alps," an overnight trip by rail from Tokyo. Thus it happened that I had already been at Nagano for a week, lecturing and participating in discussions with the Japanese professors, when Mr. Faulkner arrived by plane at the Tokyo In-

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ternational Airport on Monday morning, August 1, which happened to be a blazing hot day. He was rushed to the American Embassy, where he promptly collapsed—from "sun stroke," one newspaper reported, from exhaustion another stated.

Later I learned that Faulkner had fasted across the Pacific, except for liquid refreshments, to avoid airsickness, and the ninety-odd degree temperature at Hanada Field had caused the collapse. The American Ambassador, however, thought otherwise, and provided a bodyguard ostensibly as a guide but actually to keep the distinguished visitor sober. This Faulkner bitterly resented and he never forgave the Ambassador. He did drink a considerable quantity of alcohol every day (he always insisted that it was necessary food), but I never observed him the least tipsy—even after an evening of consuming alternately beer and saki.

A few hours after his arrival in Tokyo Mr. Faulkner had recovered sufficiently to meet the press and to submit to a long radio and television interview conducted by Masami Nishikawa, professor of American literature at Tokyo University, and Miss Shio Sakanishi, a leading social critic. When asked about regionalism in contemporary American writing, Mr. Faulkner replied that he did not know "because I am not really a literary man. I don't know any writing people. I am a farmer, a country man, and I like to write." When not writing, "I breed and train horses." Miss Sakanishi told him that some Japanese writers owned race horses, to which the self-styled Mississippi farmer replied that they must be "pretty successful writers" to own race horses.

Miss Sakanishi remarked that in Japan writers are always asked their opinions on disasters or any extraordinary happening. (Several days before this newspapers had carried accounts of the drowning of several score school children when an excursion boat overturned.) Mr. Faulkner said he wished this were true in his own country, where the artist is not important, not looked up to with respect. "In my country, instead of asking the artist what makes children commit suicide, they go to the Chairman of General Motors and ask him. This is true. If you make a million dollars you know all the answers."

From Nagano the other Americans (four Fulbright scholars)

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and I eagerly followed Mr. Faulkner's Tokyo activities as reported in the two English-language newspapers. After a short delay to permit him to recover his strength, he was brought quietly to Nagano in a United States Embassy car, but we Americans were not immediately introduced to him. Even after he began his talks (he refused to lecture but consented to answer questions in a very informal manner) we had no chance to get acquainted with him. At first we thought his Embassy bodyguard was trying for some devious reason to keep him from contaminating association with us "eggheads." When we did meet him, he had nothing to say after the perfunctory salutations. We began to wonder if he were not, after all, the Mississippi farmer and not the great novelist we had proclaimed him to the Japanese. Then the realization dawned upon me that he was actually afraid of us. I had heard of his shyness, and knew that he posed as uneducated, but suddenly I could see that he was extremely self-conscious before "university professors," although each of us regarded him as the greatest living American writer.

At the first opportunity I used my own acquaintance with horses (thanks to my boyhood in the Carolina mountains) as a conversational gambit, and it worked like a charm. I found him particularly interested in Japanese rice culture, because, he said, rice was now his main crop on his farm in Mississippi. In fact, he liked to think that we might be eating some of his own rice because the United States had recently exported a considerable quantity of rice to Japan. Everyone thought it a pose when Faulkner, on landing in Stockholm to receive the Nobel Prize, gave his occupation as "farmer." Although he had a sly sense of humor, I decided that he actually did think of himself as a simple country man, whose writing had by some stroke of luck—which still surprised him—won a world audience. It still seemed strange to him that people actually read the books that he wrote in private, and in a real sense for himself alone. His shyness and modesty were not pretended; he was one of the least affected and most genuinely modest men I ever met.

At first the talks at Nagano were disappointing. A Japanese professor would ask a question, Mr. Faulkner would reply briefly

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—sometimes only with a "yes" or "no"—and then a profound silence would settle upon the room. Maybe for several minutes the novelist would sit quietly at his table, or perhaps busy himself with lighting his pipe, with not a sound from the tatami mats where the Japanese sat gracefully with their legs folded beneath them while we Americans sprawled in uncomfortable postures. But after two or three days Mr. Faulkner began talking in sentences and then whole paragraphs. The embarrassed tension was gone and the colloquy became a great success.

The talk was natural, unaffected, colloquial, at times ungrammatical. The sentences might wander on like one of the famous sentences in a Faulkner novel, but he showed no evasion, no condescension, and occasional flashes of wit without flippancy. Mr. Faulkner did not resent personal questions from the Japanese (he would have from us Americans), and he did not play cat and mouse when asked to explain a difficult passage or the "intention" in one of his novels or short stories. Some of the most interesting replies were on the origin of certain stories. Here is a sample from a tape recording of his talks:

Q. Could you tell me your best story in your own estimation?

F. In my own estimation, none of them are good enough, that's why I have spent thirty years writing another one, hoping that one would be good enough. And so my personal feeling would be a tenderness for the one which caused me the most anguish, just as the mother might feel for the child, and the one that caused me the most anguish and is to me the finest failure is *The Sound and the Fury*. That's the one I feel most tender toward.

Q. Going back to the notes [a previous question], did you make any when you wrote the first section of *The Sound and the Fury?*

F. No.

Q. Would you tell us something about the time you wrote the first section; it seems to me to be so complicated, and I wonder if you wrote it just as you did *The Wild Palms*.

F. That began as a short story, it was a story without plot, of some children being sent away from the house during the grandmother's funeral. They were too young to be told what was going on and they saw things only incidentally to the childish games they were playing, which was the lugubrious matter of removing the corpse from the house, et cetera, and then the idea struck me to see how much more I could have got out of the idea of the blind, self-centeredness of inno-

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cence, typified by children, if one of those children had been truly innocent, that is, an idiot. So the idiot was born and then I became interested in the relationship of the idiot to the world that he was in but would never be able to cope with and just where could he get the tenderness, the help, to shield him in his innocence. I mean "innocence" in the sense that God had stricken him blind at birth, that is, mindless at birth, there was nothing he could ever do about it. And so the character of his sister began to emerge, then the brother, who, that Jason (who to me represents complete evil. He's the most vicious character in my opinion I ever thought of), then he appeared. Then it needs the protagonist, someone to tell the story, so Quentin appeared. By that time I found out I couldn't possibly tell that in a short story. And so I told the idiot's experience of that day, and that incomprehensible, even I could not have told what was going on then, so I had to write another chapter. Then I decided to let Quentin tell his version of that same day, or that same occasion, so he told it. Then there had to be the counterpoint, which was the other brother, Jason. By that time it was completely confusing. I knew that it was not anywhere near finished and then I had to write another section from the outside with an outsider, which was the writer, to tell what had happened on that particular day. And that's how that book grew. That is, I wrote that same story four times. None of them was right, but I had anguished so much that I could not throw any of it away and start over, so I printed it in the four sections. That was not a deliberate *tour de force* at all, the book grew that way. That I was still trying to tell one story which moved me very much and each time I failed, but I had put so much anguish into it that I couldn't throw it away, like the mother that had four bad children, that she would have been better off if they had all been eliminated, but she couldn't relinquish any of them. And that's the reason I have the most tenderness for that book, because it failed four times.

One day Mr. Faulkner was asked why his style was so difficult, and he replied, "because of ignorance. . . . If I could write better English I would. . . . I'm not an educated man." This may sound too disingenuous to be accepted as honest, but the story of the growth of *The Sound and the Fury* should caution us against hasty cynicism. On another occasion the novelist was asked how he managed to choose such unusual but appropriate names for his characters. He replied that he did not name them; "they tell me their names." One character in *Pylon* does not have a name: "He never did tell me his name."

After seeing and hearing William Faulkner in these rambling

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talks every day for two weeks, I came to some conclusions that contradicted a good many critical judgments that I, and other teachers, had been spouting in the classroom. The critics (completely reversing the earliest critics of his works) thought he was a devilishly subtle craftsman who had deliberately contrived intricate plots and involved sentences (and God knows some of them are complicated!), and imbedded in them cunning symbols. That he was the most inventive and original novelist of twentieth-century American literature I still believe, but as I listened to this simple, even naïve, man speaking in Nagano, I asked myself how *he* could have written those novels. I finally came to the conclusion that the talks, for all their frankness and charm and sincerity, came off the top of his mind; not because he was uninterested or not trying, and he was telling the truth so far as he was conscious of it. But artistic creation takes place in solitude, with intense concentration and self-forgetfulness; and it involves all the realms of the artist's being and experience to such an extent that the creation may seem alien and dark to him in his more normal, relaxed hours. Faulkner did not feel that he constructed his plots, but that they "grew"; his characters "told" him their names. And his efforts, as he reiterated with what was often taken as false modesty or "pose," were not always successful. Not all those ten-page sentences are works of art; maybe some of them the author himself just never did get straightened out. To me the structure of *The Sound and the Fury* is a work of genius, but I am willing to believe that it did grow—out of the author's dissatisfaction—as he said it did.

There are, of course, subtleties in Faulkner's art. Perhaps, indeed, he was the most subtle literary artist this country has produced, but the intricate patterns and baroque style were the superabundance of imaginative vitality, not cultivated deliberately. The real man, who sustained the artist within, was the self-effacing "farmer" answering questions in Nagano. He was as simple, unaffected and innately friendly as his Deep South neighbors sitting on the benches in the shade of the great trees beside the Court House in Oxford, Mississippi, the country town where he lived, wrote most of his books, and died.

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Up, Up, and Away with the Arts

ROBERT ERWIN

APPARENTLY WITH SINCERITY, although it might be the sincerity of a mood, Ingmar Bergman, in the Introduction to *Four Screenplays,* says this:

> . . . it is my opinion that art lost its basic creative drive the moment it was separated from worship. It . . . now lives its own sterile life, generating and degenerating itself.
>
> Today the individual has become the highest form and the greatest bane of artistic creation. The smallest wound or pain of the ego is examined under a microscope. . . . The artist considers his isolation, his subjectivity, his individualism, almost holy.

No matter whether his philosophy of art is defensible and despite the fact that his work is superb, how ironic that Bergman should emphasize worship. In the United States at least, among an ever-widening group, where countless earnest searches are made for "meaning" in Bergman's own films, art itself is supposed to provide absolution and beatitude, and Bergman is more often than not received as a priest of creativity. How odd, then, almost scandalous, his words "degenerating" and "bane" sound in this century of Yeats and Joyce, D. H. Lawrence and E. M. Forster, Thomas Mann and Luigi Pirandello, T. S. Eliot and Wallace Stevens—pre-eminently artists and pre-eminently individualists, culture heroes for the kind of people likely to read Bergman's screenplays. They were preceded, of course, by a century of incomparable artists—Turgenev and Tolstoy, Keats and Shelley, Melville and Hawthorne, to name only a few. Bergman's comment sounds far odder to us than Joyce's dictum that people should spend their lives studying his works. Although Joyce's statement is intrinsically the odder of the two, most of us don't think it is. We take it for granted that profes-

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sors of literature should be paid to do exactly what Joyce commanded. Even religious art we judge first as art and last, if at all, as an act of worship. Not only does Bergman's remark seem to belong to some other era—whether past or future is hard to say—the idea seems somehow un-American. As we, going in the opposite direction from Bergman, become increasingly a secular nation, we find ourselves with a large amount of liquidated faith to reinvest. Some of it we invest in psychiatry, physics and procreation, and a good deal of it we invest in art. To ask an artist to worship strikes us as perverse—we are supposed to worship him.

The arts have skyrocketed in American esteem over the past sixty years. America, however, was never the artistic wasteland that the novelists pictured it to be. We should recall, for analogy, a humorous statement from the political scientist Earl Latham, who points out that there are literally hundreds of magazine articles denouncing Congressional committees for creating a climate of opinion in which one can't denounce Congressional committees. But neither was America a bed of roses for the artist, and American philistinism for a time was breathtaking. Something of the nature of the change perhaps is symbolized in the contrast between the reputation of Eleanor Roosevelt as a humanitarian and that of Jacqueline Kennedy as the patron of musicians and painters.

With the concentration of galleries, theaters and concert halls in relatively few places, literature has had to bear the brunt of art's rising prestige. Comments about the effects of this rise, however, apply as well to the visual arts and to a good many varieties of the performing arts. Music? Probably less so. If one goes back a hundred years—to the time when the nation was predominantly agrarian, partly illiterate and distressingly Calvinist—it is obvious that we hadn't the audience for serious music we have now. But perhaps the attitude of those who care for serious music has not changed over the years. More people simply share it now. Music suffers fewer, less drastic, less contradictory fads than its sister arts, and music, after all, can't be directly ideological or philosophical. A composer may use certain devices to meet the monstrous requirements of "patriotic" music, but "patriotic" is a designation; it can't be articulated in the notes; it would have to be explained to one of the State Department's underdeveloped visitors. There

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are fads and competing esthetics and changes of direction in music, of course. Certain composers, certain types and works, are *in;* certain ones are *out* at any given time. But probably the degree of respect for what is *in* remains roughly constant in America.

What may be seen in relation to literature and the performing arts and the visual arts is more than an upgrading. It is an elevation. Even an exaltation. Naturally, as America closes the industrial frontier we expect to take on a thicker veneer of culture. People with leisure and full bellies often do, or their offspring do. We are not colonists or pioneers or dirt farmers or robber barons or steerage-class immigrants any more. We have made ourselves affluent and distributed our wealth somewhat more equitably, put ourselves into world politics at the highest (or is it lowest?) level, gathered ourselves into vast cities, established lavish media to entertain and inform us. Many of us have the opportunity and the desire to travel widely. What was formerly the American obsession with education has become a mania: master's degrees are as common as colonelcies in the South of sixty years ago, and we are determined that every junior executive of the power companies shall read Proust. It is only to be expected that affluence and sophistication and urbanization and "maturation" should make us a nation of Mrs. Potter Palmers. We, however, have gone far beyond Mrs. Potter Palmer. We take art more seriously than she did, although she ransacked Europe to furnish her house.

A digression is in order to identify the mysterious people called "we." They are not the thirty million or so people who live in the rural backwaters and the substandard neighborhoods of the cities and who get out of life for the most part what their humanity gives them, very little from the society to which they are supposed to belong. Nor are they the bare few thousands who practice the arts or trade in the arts or follow the arts expertly and passionately. High art is out of reach for the former, and it necessarily seems important to the latter regardless of national habits.

They are the people of some education, of some taste and imagination and of some seriousness to whom art is worthwhile, interesting and provocative but hardly at the center of their lives: the space-buyer for an advertising agency who reads Lawrence Durrell, the housewife who makes a point of catching Robert Frost

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on television, the surgeon who likes Arthur Miller's plays, the teacher of civil engineering who takes a crack at Ovid in translation some weekend, the supermarket manager who enjoys Picasso's bullfight drawings. It is questionable whether art needs these people in any desperate sense, but they help keep a civilization going, and in our peculiar economic system they provide valuable patronage. The more the better.

Concerning the elevation of art, however, the important thing to notice about these people, and their friends who perhaps read less but who subscribe to their attitude, is that they place an incredibly high value on art in general. No single work of art or series of works may ever affect them viscerally or preoccupy them for long or be invoked in a personal crisis. Yet they feel that art is a superior activity, a source of ultimate meaning, profundity, truth, permanence. To them the artist—any artist—faces the fundamental mysteries of existence, explores the innermost secrets of heart and mind, reveals the real nature of society, expresses himself as freely as a spirit. Only sometimes is art alone seen in this way; only sometimes does it get the lion's share of devotion. The family as a private utopia, liberal politics, applied science and philanthropy get a share of devotion. But art is a contender.

Art may or may not be as important as we say it is. And when we say it, we may be more or less sanctimonious about culture with a capital "C." But never before has such a proportionately large group of Americans who were not themselves artists, critics or connoisseurs paid such tribute to art—to art rather than to Mark Twain or Fanny Kemble or Charles Dickens or Harriet Beecher Stowe. Not many years ago in this country it was considered risky if not downright pernicious to read novels, and beyond the pale to write them. The *Atlantic* thought it necessary as a forward-looking journal to publish in April, 1892, an article urging clergymen to recognize the merits of literature. The man or woman who made a career in the theater sixty years ago thereby acquired somewhat the status of a convict. Thomas Wentworth Higginson doubted that Emily Dickinson's poems were fit to be circulated even after he had, as he thought, corrected their grammar. No wonder America gave Henry James the willies.

When the kind of Americans who thought of art as decorative

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or sentimental or ceremonial—a frill supplied by people who would never amount to much—turn to praising art extravagantly, to believing that the artist transmutes and sits in final judgment on values, the effects are going to be significant, even if the praise is not thought out, even if the praise is perfunctory. What people say in trying to be respectable has a way of becoming an article of faith. In a book called *Islam and the Integration of Society,* W. Montgomery Watt suggests convincingly that when Islam began to expand as a secular power, many local potentates adopted the outward forms of Mohammedanism as a matter of sheer expediency, to ingratiate themselves with the new power. Once they hypocritically let the ideas, precepts and images of Mohammedanism penetrate their domains, however, their followers underwent a genuine conversion. In the long run the faith was propagated as well by opportunists as by holy men.

Except for people who wish to do their social climbing or showing off in intellectual circles, there is no really compelling opportunistic reason in present-day America to pay lip service to art. No one could ingratiate himself with the powers inside or outside America solely by giving three cheers for art. The person trying to climb the ladder probably does well to court philistines assiduously. Still, the new "correctness" includes respect for art, and there are compelling psychological reasons to buttress "correctness."

Part of the anxiety of our age of anxiety (notice it was a poet and not a pope who gave us the phrase) comes from our feeling that only nullification is guaranteed. It is certain that we will die, but since the hydrogen bomb it is not certain that we will live. It is certain that insecurity is bad but not certain that security is good. It is certain that negroes have a poor bargain but not certain that whites have a good one. What a relief, then, to find something we can trust. An acknowledged work of fiction can't, strictly speaking, be a lie. A ballet can't be retracted from those who saw it performed. A painting can't desert one viewer for another.

Perhaps the most embarrassing reason for exalting art is that our education fits us for no other way of approaching the life of the mind. We go to school for sixteen or eighteen years because schooling is respectable, because our parents and counselors want us to, because we acquire vocational skills and obtain higher salaries in

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less demeaning jobs. For many of us that is the end of it; there is no question of leading the life of the mind. We live an affluent version of what was the life of the common man in former times. But some of us discover what might be called heightened consciousness just before we finish our schooling, and others of us are drawn to ideas through the vicissitudes of aging and the struggle of a career. Then we realize that our years of schooling have amounted to what Jacques Barzun in *The House of Intellect* calls "education without instruction" and "instruction without authority." We realize that the jobs for which our schooling fitted us restrict us while they last and, in the welter of technology, might disappear like the blacksmith's trade. We would like to understand Jean-Paul Sartre's ontology, say, but we don't know his language, and when we read the translation of *Being and Nothingness* we find it incomprehensible, and if we nevertheless push ourselves through the reading with the help of a dictionary, we can't articulate our response or relate the parts to the whole or judge the whole against other systems of thought. In short, we lack the training to read precisely, to reason consecutively and to abstract and manipulate ideas. We have been cheated.

So what do we do? We go to see Sartre's plays, or we read them, in translation of course. Anyone with the price of admission can see a play, and the main thing in more ways than one *is* to see it. The object is achieved when one can say, "Yes, I have seen *No Exit*." The experience of "seeing" is assumed to be approximately the same for everyone. We may be pressed further to say whether we liked or disliked it, but we will hardly ever be pressed to go beyond an introspective account of our feelings about the play. And perhaps the experience of seeing the play is roughly the same for most of the audience, because a play is a work of art, and a work of art deliberately bids for attention, operates on the senses, uses more or less common language and common properties, and bears some relationship to familiar experience. Obscurity is sometimes a proper strategy for art, and viewing works of art can undoubtedly be a complicated activity of intellect. Nevertheless, a work of art is smothered and the educational system must surely be a failure when we go to a play to get from it the philosophy that Sartre has found necessary to exposit outside the play. Complementing

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that folly, we read into Bergman's films a philosophy he does not pretend to offer.

It so happens that the things that hold American society together afford little opportunity for communion in the richest meaning of the term. Our democratic manners, our humdrum politics, our drab religion, our mass consumership, our spectator sports and frivolities, our loose family construction, all serve well enough so far as they go. They are the stuff of a low-level consensus, and society depends on consensus. But anyone who prizes intellectual well-being desires communion as well as consensus. We live in a very large nation that inhibits conversation, neglects tradition and encourages specialization. Where are we going to find communion? In art, we think.

X lives in Buffalo. Y lives in El Paso. They don't find it especially stimulating that they own the same brand of refrigerator and have the same cut to their suits. In the name of a tolerance that approaches indifference, they decline to probe each other's moral, religious or political convictions, and they never dare to imagine what it is really like to live inside the other. Nor do they feel particularly close because they may be vaporized simultaneously by hydrogen missiles. They both read the books of William Faulkner, however, and although Faulkner doesn't, like a television announcer, pretend to enter their living rooms, his books are theirs as much as anybody's to ponder. It is exhilarating to enjoy Faulkner in common, and it is altogether right for books to provide communion, just as it is altogether right for them to be transcendent and trustworthy. But communion being rare in American life, the danger is that communion will come to be valued irrespective of the quality of the works that provide it. When this happens, the distinction lost is the kind of distinction one perceives between the bells that made Pavlov's dogs slaver and the bells that constitute a carillon.

Still another embarrassing reason for elevating art is that such an elevation excuses us from the uncertainties of taste. It is quite easy, quite natural and sometimes quite desirable to be doubtful of traditional works and bewildered by new works or vice versa. But so long as you sound like a term paper, you are protected. You may be accused of too precious, too abstract a taste, but

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you will never be accused of base taste. The higher you value art, the less responsible you are for meeting any particular work of art head-on.

Has it been so different in the past? Aren't the arts good until proven bad?

To answer those questions, it would do us all a world of good if some remote tribe of Solomon Islanders, entirely on their own, invented anthropology and came to study American culture. Finding a paperwork culture, they would soon have to make themselves historians as well as anthropologists, and once they dug into the records, they would discover the relation between America and seventeenth-century Europe. (They might sail a replica of the *Mayflower* across the Atlantic to show how the thing was done.) Searching for attitudes toward art among those who were not artists, critics or connoisseurs, our anthropologists would find art valued as a diversion, a medium for propaganda and an appurtenance to fashionable life. They would find as they moved through the centuries an increasing middle-class audience for art, but they would also notice such derogations as "fops, wits, and poets" and the habit of using the word "arts" to cover such activities as watch-making and cloth-weaving. In the nineteenth century the audience continues to grow and the Romantics attract a sort of pantaloon equivalent of bobby-soxers, but at the same time artists, pretty well divested of the support of a true aristocracy, join the ranks of the intellectual proletariat. As a good many of our forebears reckoned the matter, it was the business of writers to write and painters to paint and the world to see that their works got into the hands of the scrap dealer quickly.

An example? The Paris Exposition of 1900 was a great "cultural" affair at which dozens of nations put their best foot forward. Here is the way Ferdinand W. Peck, Commissioner-General for the United States to the Paris Exposition, explained the exhibition to the educated readers of the January, 1899, issue of the *North American Review*. Commissioner Peck wrote:

> The passing of the old century and the greeting of the new will take to Paris the people of leisure and the pleasure seekers of every clime. The wealthy, the purchasing agents, the scientists and experts, representing at least five hundred million people will be present. This

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large attendance and the superb exhibits which our chief commercial competitors will present at the exposition will render it obligatory to make a display of every natural and manufactured product that will equal that from any other land. It will be the opportunity of the age to show the people of every country . . . the actual superiority of American goods.

Commissioner Peck says nothing about art. How interesting that he doesn't, because harken to *Newsweek* magazine, considerably less high-toned than the *North American Review,* describing the Brussels World Fair in the issue of April 14, 1958. Says *Newsweek:*

In a pavilion that many—including its creator, Edward D. Stone—consider one of the most beautiful buildings the U. S. has ever put up abroad, the keynote is not heroic chest-thumping but a surprisingly subtle self-confidence. The casual note is everywhere apparent from artist Saul Steinberg's witty murals . . . to the relaxed uniforms of 250 American college boys and girls who serve as guides. . . .

On U. S. "national days"—the dates set aside for each nation to roll out its cultural big guns—America is presenting the Philadelphia Orchestra, the American Ballet Theater, the Rodgers and Hammerstein stage hit "Carousel," and two contemporary American operas. . . . Helped by private donations, the arts program also includes a festival of U. S. films, from Thomas Alva Edison's "Life of an American Fireman" to Fred Zinneman's "High Noon". . . .

Perhaps American goods turned so shoddy in fifty-eight years that we had to throw beauty into the breach, but more likely we have been bamboozled by the artists. We are still subject to the Romantic program for art, and a very belligerent program it is. According to Jacques Barzun: "As the Romantics pointed out by shining examples, art has the power to instruct without words. These powers made art preeminent. And so strongly has it imparted the tendency to replace thought with sensation that the modern art of words itself strives for the inarticulate, deeming it superior."

Oh, yes, we continue to be Romantics. We suffer with Dylan Thomas and Eugene O'Neill as our great-grandfathers suffered with Shelley. Indeed, we think suffering brings forth pearls. We recognize and love the Byronic pose. Estrangement, alienation—words prized by us—are variations on the Romantic theme of exile.

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Our bohemians dress themselves and choose their transgressions according to the Paris of Baudelaire's day.

The Symbolists followed Baudelaire, and we are quite willing to accept their view also, that art exists in a rarefied dimension. Along with the Symbolists came the Realists. Artists of the first rank, Flaubert and Conrad, for example, were satisfied to be called Realists. The Symbolist view that all *but* art is common is complemented by the Realist view that nothing *is* common once art transmutes it, and the Realists impressed us with a superhuman dedication to craft. We will accept a generous dash of naturalism for social leavening—and now surrealism, endless experiments, confessions and calculated absurdity. All the high, high attributes of art have been extended and elaborated by twentieth-century artists. In an elevated spirit, we think T. S. Eliot shows us history as a succession of artists and their material. We think Thomas Mann is telling us that the most holy of subjects is the artist himself. With a number of painters, we believe that the object created is no more than a fossil of the act of creation. Any amount of despair, frenzy, loathing and paralysis will be honored if only it is represented.

To come to the point, we have been taken in by the artists, not as artists, but as amateur psychologists, haphazard social philosophers and members of a pressure group. As Reuel Denney says in *The Astonished Muse,* "much of modern popular culture contains the diffused, reorganized, and to some extent simplified viewpoints of a now aged artistic movement."

It is to the credit of the artists that ultimately their *works* converted us to their ideology. But it is only fair to notice the lack of competition in the past half century. Nature has disappeared (perhaps it is in hiding with Progress). Whole continents dislike us. Theoretical physicists no longer try to write books, for fear the next round of research papers will render their half-finished manuscripts obsolete. Religion has dwindled—streamers on car windows plead: "Give God a chance. Go to church next Sunday."

In the good old days, when Commissioner Peck had not yet seen his first counting-house, a man who wanted to keep up might read John Lloyd Stephens. To be sure, Stephens rediscovered Mayan civilization and attracted much attention when he came home from Yucatan and wrote a book about it. He attracted more attention,

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however, with his first book, called *Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petraea, and the Holy Land,* which stirred readers because it was set in Biblical lands. An adventurous and admirable figure who attracted much attention in our day with a book, a novel, set in Biblical lands was, significantly, an artist and an atheist. He was Albert Camus, a profoundly moral but hardly clerical person. The one church that both retains the allegiance of a sizeable portion of the American people *and* directly influences their daily life is of course the Roman Catholic Church, patron of the arts for twelve hundred years, and still discerning enough in our day to commission a Madonna by a Jewish artist, Jacques Lipchitz, and to install it in a most unlikely place, New Harmony, Indiana.

The Solomon Island anthropologists might find it amusing that we have free-floating values which, if we do not invest in religion and other certainties, we will invest in art. Yet anthropology, allied with archeology, discovers art everywhere intertwined with religion and both as widespread as the incest taboo. Priesthood and artistry are both older professions than prostitution. The curiosity, intelligence, imagination, fear and self-interest that go into religion must find an outlet somewhere. What could be more natural than for Americans to elevate art as their religion dwindles? Jacques Barzun sums it up, again in *The House of Intellect:* "For many people, art, replacing religion, has become the justification of life, whether as the saving grace of an ugly civilization or as the pattern of the only noble career. . . ."

Well, isn't art, although no religion, better than neither? Isn't ours an ugly civilization, badly in need of a saving grace? Perhaps, but forced elevation leads to worse art rather than to a better society. If we are regressing to a prereligious stage, what will stop us from following Jack Kerouac to a preconscious phase?

By elevating art we are not relieving the American artist of his troubles. It was a handicap for him to be ignored; it is a burden to him to be made responsible for the spiritual welfare of the crowd. It was lonely to say the most forceful thing one could and be noticed only by policemen and prudes; it is self-defeating to have one's chance remarks and tentative efforts taken as gospel.

The worst thing about elevating art in the way we do is that we have lessened both our appreciation and our understanding. If we

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are going to value art highly, we ought to be able to explain why, but the discipline of esthetics has almost disappeared. An avowed estheticist, say Susanne Langer, Francis Sparshott or Eliseo Vivas, now carries the academic cachet of a Sanskritist. Thus we take each new work of art as it comes, with perhaps an impromptu gloss from a critic, and we can't say whether it is more or less than, different from or the same as, a rock or a cloud. Our neighbors paint on Sunday afternoon, our relatives discuss "great books" in the public library on Monday evening, our university's visiting poet receives genuflections right and left as he enters the lecture room on Tuesday morning. Yet we can't define art except negatively—less taxing than religion, less vicious than business or war or politics—and we can't be sure of our taste.

On the other hand, if we want to approach a work of art directly, immediately, for itself, letting it do what it can to us or for us, we are unable to shake off Meanings and Purposes. If Mr. Bergman astounded us by respecting the universe, what would we think of Santayana's Mr. Murphy in *The Last Puritan*?

> But Mr. Murphy seemed to have no opinions. If you asked him what he thought of this, or thought of that, he simply grinned and changed the subject. But he could tell you how things were made, and how things were done, and why things happened. . . . He was the first *master* Oliver had known.

If we turn to art because all else seems hopeless or unpleasant, we get a drug, and it is not the drug that artists, who have some experience in this matter, choose for themselves. If we best like the art that will bear the most pedantry, we get a syllabus. If we expect a code of conduct from art, we get a lame one, subject to change at the whim of any genius.

Art enhances life. Art apprehends life. Art competes with life. But it is not supposed to win.

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Epistle to a Sleeper

LEWIS TURCO

You've lost at love, Endymion:
  you slumber while
    blue hounds are running.
Lust never wins
  since it is sleep
    which triumphs after all.
Yet, Selene is fair,
  as fair as water lilies
    eddying in freshets.
She plays at darts
  and dominoes, Endymion—
    pursue your dreams.
Her sport is in the sap
  and blood of spring,
    never in shadow.
You shall sleep on;
  and shall you rue the losing game
    Selene enjoys?

LEWIS TURCO's *First Poems* was published in 1960, and a second collection, *The Sketches,* will be published this year. His work has appeared recently in *Poetry,* the *Carleton Miscellany* and the *Paris Review*. Mr. Turco teaches English at Fenn College.

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Eskimos and Old Shorelines

J. L. GIDDINGS

ARCHEOLOGY ON THE OLD GRAVEL BEACHES OF WESTERN ALASKA involves me customarily with the members of an Eskimo family or two. While we work I am inclined to imagine these people as figures of the past and practice with them a little magic to control the motors and the watchful spirits that make or break a camp and a field season.

The Eskimos of Kotzebue and neighboring coasts are Christians all; yet they maintain a pagan respect for things left unhallowed in the ground from the time before missionaries came at the turn of the century. Only a summer ago while waiting at the whaling camp of Shesualek for the ice to move so we could travel up the coast to the digging site, we received a gentle spirit-reminder. A group of adventurous young men of this populous village of white tents at the edge of the sea became impatient in their search for scraps of driftwood at tide level and decided to steal firewood from the old platform burials that still stand on the crest of a beach line marking an earlier ocean front. They advanced on a conical structure of spruce poles guarding the bones and grave offerings of a renowned whale hunter. But as one of the party thrust his hand between the poles to pull at the rusted barrel of a flintlock rifle half-buried in the sand, the gun and the poles began to shake vigorously as though controlled by an underground force, and the project was abandoned. Manifestations such as this we all learn to respect and try to control, although we may continue in our scorn of ordinary superstition.

Weather, if not indeed the spirit Selya who dispatches storms

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upon the undeserving, has long had a part in determining where on the Arctic coast one should dig. It can determine for me not only where I should dig, but with whom. Bad weather once kept me from a search for forest-edge archeology, but, permitting work near the sea, led to an important discovery on the beach ridges. That morning the wind blew up when my reconnaissance party was all prepared to travel down the coast with a man who owned a large skin boat and a motor. After some vacillation, the man refused to go, saying that the skies were uncertain and the water overshallow. We looked for a time without success for new means of transportation, and then Almond Savik came along. He said he had a big skiff made of whipsawed river spruce and a motor that, despite its age, we could depend upon. While there were many other things he could be doing, he said, he had always wanted to travel southward along the coast to see that part of the world. He appeared, at first, alarmingly different from the seasoned Eskimos with whom I had worked in previous years. He wore a white short-billed cap, a black leather jacket with metal studs, dungarees, Air Force boots and, just visible under his jacket, a pearl-handled revolver. Men of this sophisticated dress usually spent most of their time and a good part of their money in the "jukebox joints" of Kotzebue. But when I met his young, shy wife and his two small children, all parka-clad, I felt less hesitation about engaging him as boatman.

Wind and rain increasing as we rounded Choris Peninsula on our way to the forested rivers, we had to beach the boat. As we explored Choris on foot, we became aware of a succession of old gravel ridges, all of about the same height, that had accumulated through the ages and sealed off an embayment on the ocean side of the peninsula. The present ocean beach, a mile long, is as broad on its crest as a highway. Surface evidence, including an early form of house pit on the lee slope, quickly told us that this beach ridge, no more than ten feet above sea level, had stood intact for a few hundred years. As we turned landward on this beach and walked down into a shallow swale and on to successive crests to the foot of a steep, tundra-covered hillside, about six hundred feet from the water, we saw that these older beaches also held some evidence of human occupation. This was true even of the beach most remote from the

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sea. There, unexpectedly, we came to a cluster of crater-like pits. Excavations soon revealed in them the remains of a small, but ancient, buried village. The houses had been immense by Arctic standards—between thirty and forty feet in length—and our excavations exposed oval floors and no entrance passages, in contrast to the rectangular houses with passages of nearly all later Arctic dwellers. We now know through radiocarbon analysis of charcoal from house hearths that this Choris village dates from about 1000 B. C. Each pole-walled, sod-covered house, heated by a central fireplace and illuminated by stone lamps, would have furnished comfortable housing for thirty or more people. Artifacts and animal bones deposited in the floors helped to reveal a community of caribou hunters of unknown linguistic stock who spent some of their time at harpooning sea mammals, who kept no dogs, but who practiced the Asian and American Indian trait of divining the future by reading the cracks formed on a deer's shoulder blades heated over coals.

The lesson of Choris, apart from its purely cultural information, was that if we were going to learn of other early beach dwellers in the region, we could expect to do so only where vagaries of ocean currents had protected remnants of old shore lines from the ravages of storms.

Success is contagious. The prehistorians of our party had obtained knowledge at Choris of a new form of culture to report to our colleagues, and Savik had skillfully steered a river boat along dangerous coasts without ever a serious miscalculation. We absorbed prestige and some little glory from our separate successes, and nothing but lack of funds could have discouraged either Savik or me from another go at this kind of exploration.

Two seasons after the discoveries at Choris, I met Savik again at Kotzebue and we traversed two hundred and fifty miles of the shallow shoreline of Kotzebue Sound in search of other stranded beaches. My party numbered four this time, and Almond's family had grown to five. The boat was the same, yet its cargo had expanded since our last cruise. Loading was a challenge. First we rolled in the drum of gasoline and around it packed the full mixing cans, the case of stove gasoline, the camp stove itself and a wood

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stove for heating the tent in cold weather; then we loaded a month's supply of food in wooden boxes, the cooking utensils and the wash-tubs and basins. We arranged the softer duffle bags, bedrolls and individual tents to pad the boxes, and this brought the load well above the gunwales. On top we placed a mattress and Savik's two young daughters. His five-year-old son, equipped with rubber boots, helped as usual with the launching of the craft. By the time Savik's wife had settled with the girls in the center of the mattress and the rest of us had found seats either forward or astern, the skiff seemed to me more than reasonably full—yet Savik assured us that his boat could accommodate a great deal more.

The motor was the same too, the metal worn smooth from many adjustments and repairs. Its case vibrated cheerfully as we pulled away from Kotzebue onto a calm, morning sea. No sooner had we rounded a bend of the beach, however—fortunately out of sight of the well-wishers who gather to see boats off from the shore—than the motor coughed and stopped. Now and then it responded feebly to the starter cord. Savik resorted finally to a long pole, and we to the paddles, to take the boat ashore. Landing on a gravel beach is a happy event for Eskimo women and children whether the voyage has been long or short. The children entered at once into a digging game while their mother made tea and Savik set about carefully dissecting the motor. At length it was decided that we must unload the boat. Through long experience with this kind of travel, I anticipated this standard decision, although I have never known why it is made. Just possibly we unload to convince the motor that we can outwait its stubborn mood. I did not look forward with pleasure, however, to frequent stops that might upset our plans for the summer, and after some meditation I asked Savik if he would consider buying a new motor if I were to advance him the money from his wages. This was a welcome thought. He would—and he just happened to know, he said, that a Kotzebue trader had one suitable motor on hand. This was a 35 h.p. Evinrude with a long shaft, precisely the kind we needed for our journey. Savik quickly reassembled the old motor and I shoved us off while the others of our party remained on the beach. He pulled the cord and we raced back, bow high, to the store in the village, where the strong and beautiful new

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blue motor lay waiting. I wondered for a moment about this last burst of energy, but remembered that motors here are controlled less by the laws of physics than by the minds of men.

The beaches of Kotzebue Sound were richer and even more promising than I had expected. Traveling long hours with our boat and new motor on good days and exploring the beaches on foot when the wind blew, we learned that wherever beach crests occur in succession, the oldest cultural remains are found by walking inland from the present ocean edge. Regrettably, the older series of beaches at the south side of Kotzebue Sound consist of sand, and crests originally formed by the action of the sea had been altered in successive periods of dune-building and wind-cutting until smothered by a blanket of tough sod. The flints, pottery and remains of campfires in these areas were mainly those exposed in the "blow-outs" or wind channels that form from occasional breaks in the surface cover.

The discovery of very old sites large enough to be excavated is not easy under these circumstances, even though surface discoveries at several points confirmed a long succession of cultures from the time when beaches first began to form after stabilized postglacial sea level. We came to prefer hard-packed gravel to shifting sand. In gravel beaches like those at Choris, testing is made easier by both surface stability and the hints of early campsites that one learns to see in an arrangement of vegetation and soils. These advantages, Savik lost no opportunity to point out, were to be found at Shesualek, north across the inlet from Kotzebue. I shared only part of Savik's enthusiasm for Shesualek. To our native family it was the festive summer gathering-ground of nearly all the people who spend their winters hunting and trapping in the spruce forests of the lower Noatak River drainage. As far as they know and as far as historic records confirm, they and their ancestors have gone down to the coast and set up their camps at Shesualek at the beginning of each year's whaling season. The small white whales, formerly secured by herding into shoals and harpooning from kayaks, are now shot from motor-driven boats. During the whaling season, racks along the shore become loaded with white-skinned squares of blubber and black strings of drying meat. Modern Shesualek has its post office,

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temporary, in a tent, and a strip of firm, old beach upon which small planes may land. Savik was right in pointing out that the series of beaches behind Shesualek, composed as they were of packed gravel, would furnish a likely area in which to find early archeological sites. Toward the end of July we had become established on the beach, surrounded by relatives and friends of the Savik family.

The odds of exploration were against us, however. While many earlier beach crests paralleled the ocean edge at Shesualek, the oldest archeological site we could find lay a mile and a half distant from the tent village near the edge of a shallow bay on the inner side of Shesualek Peninsula. Here the deep house pits of early Eskimo whale hunters, whose sites had been built at the ocean edge of their time, were those of an aspect of Western Thule culture older than any thus far excavated in Kotzebue Sound. A single square house floor with its long entrance passage and its separate ash-filled kitchen room required more than a week to unearth. As we worked, the neighbors gathered to watch and make an occasional joke or pointed remark. We brought to light the everyday belongings of people long dead—hundreds of things such as wooden buckets, women's slate knives with ivory handles and harpoon heads with their stone blades intact. These were constant reminders of the people who a thousand years earlier had inhabited the houses and left behind the everyday things familiar to modern Eskimos.

I did not know at first, but learned later, that our move from the sea edge to the stagnant shores of the bay had brought about unfavorable comment from the villagers. They did not object to our digging—they themselves (unhappily for science) were not above collecting "relics" to sell to tourists—but they observed that we drank water from a shallow well dug into a swale between old beach ridges. The summer dwellers at Shesualek, it seems, depend for their water upon the saltless old sea ice that floats for more than a month in front of the camp and, when that is gone, upon fresh water transported some miles in barrels and cans from the mouth of the Noatak River. The drinking of water from the ground of the peninsula itself, because of the artifacts and bones buried in it, is thought to result in illness and death—especially the death of small

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children. The water from our well was sweet and potable, and none who was alien to the locality could have guessed that we were courting disaster. But while we excavated the old house, the weather became miserable. Low clouds moved in, and a steady wind blew unending rain against us and our tents. Only a few visitors walked to the big tent to talk in the evening. The conversation, carried on in Eskimo, frequently held overtones of anxiety. Then one day Savik explained to me about the water. Two infants of Shesualek had recently died, and now within our own group the baby cried continuously with a high fever. While Almond agreed with me that the illness at Shesualek was caused by a virus and said that he did not believe in the superstition about water, we all nonetheless worked and waited apprehensively.

It was during this period of doubt that Savik, possibly as a means of ending our dangerous sojourn at Shesualek, offered a welcome suggestion. He now understood our search for successions of beach ridges and, although still skeptical of my confidence that the older ridges in a series contained the leavings of earlier people, described a place to the north called Sealing Point—Cape Krusenstern, on my map—behind which, he thought, lay a vast expanse of hard-packed gravel ridges covered with sod. We decided to try it, and by the time the wind had finally calmed enough to permit travel up the coast, we observed with satisfaction that the baby was out of danger and the epidemic at Shesualek had apparently passed.

Again Savik was right. The beaches at Cape Krusenstern, barren and forbidding as they may appear to a casual traveler, offered to us the rich vista of crest after crest stretching far into the distance: the beaches upon which tens of generations have walked. Reindeer paths follow the length of the most prominent ridges. We searched these paths and blessed the reindeer for having scuffed occasional flints from under the moss. It is possible to walk as far as eight continuous miles without changing ridges. A still more impressive walk from the historical point of view is taken across the beaches, at right angles to the shoreline. The conviction grows that one is stepping back half a century, more or less, with each of the hundred and more isolable beaches.

The promise of lateral stratigraphy at Cape Krusenstern was ful-

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filled during three years of digging. Our camp became larger, but never unwieldy. As we summer visitors increased, so did Savik's crew. The best men he could find to help us happened to be his brother, two or three cousins and an unrelated hunting partner, all of whom are winter residents of Noatak village. If at first I had reservations about hiring only so close-knit a group, these doubts soon dissolved as our new workers displayed the same interest and skills as did Savik. We were not clock-watchers on the beach. We worked long hours because of our curiosity about what lay concealed in the ground. Yet when a fox appeared on a neighboring beach we diverted ourselves by becoming neighbor foxes, whistling it to distraction. When a seal swam by we wildly fired expensive ammunition and launched the boat to give noisy chase.

In the course of three years of excavation, dozens of old tent sites, burials and lesser camping places were bared, sketched, photographed and their contents removed. Whole small villages were excavated, some of them representing phases of culture previously unknown. Whaling, for example, we found had been practiced two thousand years earlier than was commonly supposed, by a people who dug multiple-roomed houses deep into the crest of their oceanfront beach—now three-quarters of a mile from the sea.

The beach ridges at Cape Krusenstern gave us a nearly complete prehistory for five or six thousand years. Rather than distinct sets of cultures, each waxing and waning, it seemed to represent a continuity. Some of the beaches still guarded their contents beneath thick moss, creating thin spots in the record; yet there seemed good reason to suppose that for as long as beaches formed in this region, after sea level reached its postglacial heights, people were continuously on the scene. We recognized the main aspects of culture as extending backward through time in this order: preceding the recent Eskimos were those of Western Thule times. Thule culture grew out of Birnirk; and Birnirk, locally, out of Ipiutak, as we have only recently learned. The Ipiutak culture of two milleniums ago owes its peculiar cast to art forms of distant parts of Asia grafted onto the Choris and Norton phases from these and neighboring beaches. Preceding Choris were the Old Whalers of nearly 2000 B.C. and, before them, makers of extremely delicate microblades

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and a variety of inset flint edges first found at the Bering Sea site of Cape Denbigh. The Denbigh people were on hand at Cape Krusenstern when sea level reached its maximum height, and earlier, for microblades appear on a hillside behind the beach ridge series where sealing would have been possible only before the sea level had stabilized and the beach ridges begun to form. And the story does not end with this ancient shoreline. On a terrace of the same hill, five hundred feet high, are variously weathered flints representing hunters of land game, some of whom must have been there when glaciers still covered large parts of the eastern continent. These flints of the Palisades closely resemble some from early mountain passes in the far interior of Alaska and also some from distant parts of Asia.

The hoard of artifacts and field records now waiting to be transformed into a coherent archeology are not yet, however, separated completely from either the generations who made them or the Eskimo family who helped to remove them from the ground. Our last season on the beaches it appeared for a while as if the weather and the spirits were at us again. Deep in Savik's new motor a small vital part burned out and rendered the motor useless. We ordered a replacement, but a string of circumstances delayed its arrival. Word came at exasperating intervals that the part was not stocked in Kotzebue; that it was not to be found in Anchorage or Fairbanks; that it was finally on order. Then we learned that it had reached Kotzebue from Seattle—and had been sold by the native storekeeper to the wrong man! With each of these revelations Savik appeared stunned. He assured me, perhaps too often, that the part would soon come and the motor would work for us again.

Airplanes served our camp with some regularity, and on one occasion Savik flew to Kotzebue where without my knowledge he borrowed a boat and motor and started back across the bay. A storm blew up, and for the first time in his career his boat capsized in an attempted landing near a kinsman's tent and he was thrown into the sea. Again he was dismayed at the way his luck had turned. As the season drew to an end, I assured him that we and all our gear could be transferred comfortably by airplane and that he could repair his motor after the season ended, without fear of financial loss.

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He seemed grateful; yet he insisted upon flying once more to Kotzebue. While he was gone the wind blew and it looked as if we might have one of those fall storms that toss whitecaps to the crest of the beach upon which we camp. During a lull between gusts a motor, incredibly enough, was heard out at sea. Savik, as we shortly learned, had bought a new motor and in a borrowed boat was attempting to come ashore on this beach where there is no harbor or landing place. His plan became clear: he would lie offshore waiting for the seventh wave and then, like a surfboard rider in southern seas, mount its crest and at full motor speed beach himself high on the grassy slope. For a long moment it seemed that his calculations were true—and then the boat outran the crest, turned crazily and lay helpless until engulfed by the wave. Savik fought clear, and members of our crew salvaged the overturned boat.

Despite his strains and bruises, Savik was the victor again, and our camp slowly returned to normal. Neither the sea nor ancestral spirits had overwhelmed a good archeological season. Nor were outboard motors doomed to replacement by machines in the air. Within hours the missing motor part arrived, and we now had two motors with which to transport ourselves and the cases of artifacts from the beaches at Cape Krusenstern. Days later, as our jet-prop rose into a blue sky from the Kotzebue airfield on the first lap of a long flight east, some of us caught a glimpse of Savik and his family speeding back across a calm bay toward their winter home on the Noatak.

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An Unprofessional Eye

Party Apolitics

BENJAMIN DEMOTT

Tradition ruled the preliminaries. Letters to delegates teemed with clichés ("If you think of me now and remember me," wrote a State Senator declaring for the Attorney Generalship, "I promise you I will do no less for you in the future"), as did the monthly flyers ("PEABODY PROGRAM LABELLED PARTNERSHIP FOR PROGRESS"), the billboard admonitions ("Judge-Analyze-Compare-Test!! . . . Senator Caples Qualifies!!"), and even the telegraphed pledges of eats ("CORDIALLY INVITE YOU TO HAVE DINNER WITH ME . . . HAVE MANY IMPORTANT STATE PROBLEMS TO DISCUSS WITH YOU. HOPE YOU CAN ATTEND. WARM REGARDS. LIEUT. GOVERNOR EDWARD F. McLAUGHLIN JR."). The rather grand hired hall, Springfield's Memorial Auditorium, was beflagged and bepostered into the repetitious squalor ever regarded as appropriate for party assemblage. And inside it the apparatus of Big-time Politics (heat, sweat, bad cigars, pages, parliamentarians, sergeants-at-arms, tally clerks, TV crews, Committeemen, cops, gossip, gavels and hardsell plastic fans) was nothing if not conventional. But although conclaves of citizens had met before and would meet again on similar business (that of choosing slates of candidates for state and federal offices), few had faced situations comparable to those confronting the Democratic conclave at hand. And for that reason stubbornness persisted in claiming that the occasion couldn't possibly be routine.

By far the most striking of the situations mentioned was, of course, the chief contest itself, which pitted a brother of the President against a nephew of the Speaker of the United States House of Representatives. But there were others of equal if less publicized note. For one: Democrats were troubled by unusually insistent intimations of disaster at the polls. (In 1960 the party's gubernatorial candidate was badly defeated; scandals in the intervening period had induced fresh feelings of unease; and, as a consequence, tolerance of hell-raising, hair-pulling and schemes to solve economic problems by means of a state sweepstakes—items that had figured in the party's Boston Arena gathering two years before—was plainly on the decline.) For another: word was out that the nation's interest in the convention was to be focused largely through the eyes of first-string Washington correspondents, men habituated to political dispute slightly more elegant than the Bay State's, and therefore likely to function unconsciously—perhaps merely by asking clear questions—as influential forces for good. (The expectation about press attendance proved correct: among the hundreds of reporters were many whose typewriter cases bore tags marked "Trip of the President," and there were in addition—so said rumor—a number of highly placed Specials on the scene: a liberal Saltonstall telling all for the *New Republic*, a relative of the late J. P. Marquand making of the occasion something fit for *Show*.) And for still another: the affair was to mark the first public encounter between old-line party regulars and a band of reformers calling itself the Commonwealth Organization of Democrats —a group that was pursuing a vigorous

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campaign to "overhaul the Democratic Party in Massachusetts."

Observers who saw in the prospect of this encounter possibilities for a significant turn in the direction of Bay State politics were responding in part to the energy and militancy of the leaders of the Commonwealth Organization (COD). The latter had fought hard for open discussion of the urgent organizational problems of their party. They had announced their intention of "financing and sponsoring twenty to thirty COD candidates for the State Legislature in 1962," and of running their own candidates "for every seat on the Democratic State Committee" two years hence. They had also laid down a demand that a serious, strong-minded party platform be shaped and debated before and during the convention, and, with the intention of avoiding the "chaos and confusion" of earlier parleys, they had gone so far as to send six single-spaced pages of recommendations on the conduct of the convention to the Chairman of the State Committee. The recommendations were solemn (COD was even stern about music: "All bands and formal parades will be eliminated. . . . The hall, of course, should be equipped with an organ for the playing of the National Anthem. No other musical instrument appears necessary or desirable"), and they met no warm welcome (a State Committee spokesman apparently well-disposed to song told a reporter that, so far as conventions were concerned, the State Committee's job was simply that of "dropping a nickel into the slot and letting it [the convention] play its own music"). But the remark was defensive, and the reformers' hopes survived it. Their claim, tirelessly repeated, was that because the party offers "little more than intra-party feuds, rival organizations built around individual office-holders, ineptness at the State House, and public scandals," it was under a special obligation to define its internal problems and commit itself to solutions. And few voices were raised in public criticism of their goals.

That the goals were not achieved at the convention means neither that old-style "chaos and confusion" were everywhere the rule, nor that the occasion was, as press cynics predicted, merely routine. For the press indeed, it may as well be noted, there was at all moments matter of high interest. There were glimpses of a few of the Great Sights of Massachusetts' political life: John F. Thompson (called the "Iron Duke" or "The Tyrant of Ludlow"), a power in the Massachusetts House currently praised and dispraised for the style in which, as Speaker, he gavels down the opposition ("At various times I have let things in for all of you. You don't want me to get real rough and start blocking things, do you?"); Bernard Cleary, the smiling, huge-girthed, black-suited Mayor of Taunton known as "The Happy Undertaker" to the faithful who support his biannual, unsuccessful bids for one or another state office; the trio of famous nicknames—Mucker McGrath, Sonny McDonough, Knocko McCormack (the latter, father of Mr. Ed, the State's Attorney General, is a cool beefy leader popular in part for his habit of maintaining poise by shedding clothing). There were girls, girls, girls—parades (without music) of white-clad maidens with baskets of posies (enthusiasts of Mr. Kevin White, Secretary of State), and blue-clad maidens in red sailor hats (enthusiasts of Mr. Ted Kennedy). There was an official committee meeting—on disputed slates of delegates—that issued in a call for police. (Before and after their arrival, as the credentials group rejected a number of delegates presumed to be pledged to Mr. McCormack, several occurrences reddened the face of Reform: walkouts by committee members who charged indecorously that "This is the most rigged goddam thing in the world," arguments marked by cries of "Communist!" and "Throw the bum out!", overhomely "explanations" of decisions by old accrediting hands like Mr. Bill Boyle, who at one point informed a contesting delegate that State Committee secretaries "got no more right to tell you to make a slate [of delegates] than the bartender downstairs.")

Beyond these incidental piquancies, there were two press conferences that rank among the most and least successful ventures of their kind undertaken by candidates for

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major public office in recent years. Faced with harsh queries from out-of-state reporters, Mr. Ted Kennedy, who a few hours later, atop a sound truck amid a madly cheering mob, delivered a lashing, raucous belt of a fight talk in the manner of late Willie Stark or early Honey Fitz, responded with a shy amiable gentleness that was almost wholly winning. Faced with friendly questions, the latter's opponent, Mr. McCormack, an able pipe-smoking young lawyer with a boyish wave, narrow face, tight ears and an unfortunate slouch to his lower lip, simply could not find a likable tone. (He accused the Kennedy camp of exerting unfair pressure on delegates, and refused to produce his evidence on the ground that to do so would be to hurt the President; he argued that in running against the President's brother he was "doing the President a favor," saving him from "the dynasty issue"; and always as he spoke, smiling brightly, his eyes had a curious inwardness, watchful, uncertain—the disquieting gaze of the man whose half-conscious awareness that he is failing seems about to drive him into some unimaginable extravagance.) And there were endless sidebars of Color—a retired prize-fighter, Rocky Marciano of Brockton, appearing loyally in support of a schoolboy chum turned political aspirant; a full-blooded Indian from Gay Head in horned headdress, who allowed that "I'm taking the next bus out of here unless I can convince them to my way of thinking"; and more than a few troubling ironies. (In front of the auditorium marched two supporters of H. Stuart Hughes who were advertising the petition drive to secure for their man a place on the ballot as an Independent candidate responsive to SANE; they wore sandwich posters that read, SAVE OUR CHILDREN, and touched shoulders with McCormack supporters whose posters claimed: BETTER ED THAN TED.) And at length there were the formal endorsements of Mr. Kennedy and of—a number of others whose names the out-of-state pressmen did not tarry to learn.

But while all this did offer a measure of entertainment, it remained (to repeat) less than what the reformers had desiderated. And however unrealistic the expectations, the ensuing disappointment was not easy to shrug away. It was clear that a meeting at which a bitter intraparty struggle is waged between two strong "personal factions" is not propitious for consideration of specific steps toward organizational reform. (The changes mentioned included the provision of "coordinating and communicating devices" between local town committees and the State Committee, new methods of dispensing patronage without secrecy, extensions of the governor's authority as party leader and shifts in fund-raising procedures that would restore the responsibility for this activity to local Democratic committees—"with money raised at that level being funneled upward to the state committee rather than the other way around.") And it was equally clear that, although highly significant causal relations exist between lax party discipline and corruption in government—the latter continues to be a major issue here in Massachusetts—firm discipline would not solve every problem. (Corruption thrives in the "Commonwealth" partly because of the nature of the state government itself, which assigns the management of a number of important public affairs to autonomous units—among them a covey of authorities for land-taking, parks and turnpikes—with questionable methods of requisitioning and contracting.)

But concern at the evidence that the still small voice of COD was still small was traceable not only to premonitions of continuing scandals. The case was that, after the Republican opposition had held its conclave, and the lines of preprimary strategy for both parties had come clear, the evasion of party problems stood forth in a new context—as fresh evidence of a general political trend that rouses not disappointment but fear.

The trend in question—toward an apolitical politics, partyless and problemless—can be assessed in accordance with a dozen commonplaces of political knowledge. It is not news, surely, that most citizens are disinclined to task their minds with complex subjects. (In his *Economic Theory of De-*

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mocracy, Anthony Downs offered a model of the voter as consumer, and noted that acceptance of political clichés can be regarded as an act of thrift, since the serious investigation of issues and qualifications requires expenditures of time and money; this account of the ordinary citizen also holds for delegates to party conventions.) And it is equally well-known that great numbers of citizens consider the public issues of desperate current urgency to be remote from state affairs. (Sympathy for this view inspired Professor Hughes's petitionary efforts, and discouraged John F. Kennedy as Senator from taking an active role in reorganizing state party affairs; it also encouraged Mr. Kennedy as President to defend his brother's candidacy for the Senate with the remark that, after all, "public life is centered, in at least the great issues, in the United States Capitol.") In many minds here and elsewhere the conviction grows that, owing to the ever-broadening influence of the national government and to the increasingly firm grip of mass (nationally uniform) culture on the public mind, the state is in some sense obsolete.

But when this is said, it needs to be added that the behavior and gestures of the candidates themselves at the conventions, and the assumptions voiced in conversation by the delegates, could not be fully understood in the familiar terms of voter apathy or obsolescent states. Not the least notable feature of this behavior was the extraordinary *consciousness* among participants in the gatherings of popular disaffection with politics. A common remark at both conventions was that the best qualification for any aspirant for state office was, if not lack of experience, then lack of identification in the public mind with ward politics, office-holding, loyal party labor or the power of insiderdom. And the viewpoint was not difficult to support. The Democratic Convention endorsed the President's brother, newer to Massachusetts politics than his opponent, and a number of other candidates who had held no major state office. And the Republican Convention, which two years ago had won with a "new face" in the gubernatorial race, gave its Senatorial endorsement to Mr. George Lodge, who in turn was far fresher to state politics than his opponent, Representative Lawrence Curtis (a longtime member of the Massachusetts Congressional delegation). But these decisions were at best minor parts of the tale. What counted for more in stimulating the notion that unfamiliar political elements were at work was the grand strategy favored by the candidates seeking endorsement. To speak bluntly: every candidate appeared to be engaged in an attempt first to establish himself as a political innocent, second to link the opposition with professional politics and insiderdom.

Some of the gestures favored by the grand strategists were, to be sure, of less than overwhelming interest. The decision of Mr. Endicott Peabody, who was endorsed by the Democrats for the Governorship, to forego an ordinary campaigning tour in favor of a "family camping tour through Massachusetts"—Mr. Peabody caught poison ivy shortly after this trip began—earns a place only in the annals of political jokes. (As a Boston Yankee, a public-spirited lawyer with a private practice and an intelligent supporter of COD, Mr. Peabody had ample qualifications as a maverick on the Democratic ticket before he set out on his trip.) But the terms of the Kennedy-McCormack contest were striking. As indicated, these candidates did not possess the same amount of political experience—but neither was a stranger to the world of politics. Mr. McCormack had held a succession of elective offices since 1953; Mr. Kennedy had had a family acquaintance with politics since boyhood, and had played a major role in his brother's campaign for the Presidency; both men bore renowned political names. It seemed impossible that either could hope to present himself as an amateur. But in the sequel both men embraced the new style: each presented himself as a political outsider, each sought to tar his opponent as an insider.

Mr. McCormack's efforts in this line were the more complicated, because alternative strategies—praise of his own public service, concentration on the Kennedy riches—were available to him. But in the main the

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thrust of his attack went to the charge that Mr. Kennedy *was* Politics itself—politics as promises, threats, postmasterships, federal jobs, deals, men of power lighting each other's candles. Before the convention made its choice, Mr. McCormack spoke to the delegates in the voice of one who understood that they were Little People tired of being mauled and manipulated by Big Men in Big Jobs; he would give them the kind of "recognition" that only an outsider feels obliged to give to another outsider. After the toss had gone against him, he turned from the delegates to registered Democrats generally, and appealed to *their* sense of themselves as the true victims of political chicanery. Conventions, he maintained, are meaningless, since "most [delegates] are depending upon politics for a living"—that is, are of the strictly political Establishment that repudiated him. Describing his opponent's victory as a "demonstration of raw political power . . . and resources," he himself declared his interest in and need for one dollar and five dollar contributions: gifts of the humble to the humble. And as the campaign progressed he made less and less of his connection with official party affairs (the connection had been close at one point: a $100-a-plate dinner had raised more than a hundred thousand dollars for the McCormack campaign not long before the convention).

Since Mr. Kennedy was known to be a very young man, his task of creating himself as an Innocent was simpler than Mr. McCormack's—but there was room for some subtlety. This candidate refused every invitation to defend himself against the charge that he lacked experience; he avoided state issues in his speeches; and, with an air implying that local technicalities are fascinating only to men immersed in power, he talked Washington and Victory to the virtual exclusion of other subjects. There were moments during the preconvention campaign when the easy confidence of his portrayal of a Nervous Nonpolitician owed much to the (unintended) coaching of the McCormack forces, who for a time seemed determined to press charges of youth and irresponsibility against him. (Before the need to dissociate himself from Authority became evident, Mr. McCormack referred constantly to his opponent as "Teddie," thereby condescending from the heights of age, which are easily confused with the summits of power; in addition he accused Mr. Kennedy of failing to vote in elections in which he was eligible to vote, as though unaware that this failure itself might strike others, paradoxically, as a guarantee of exalted disinterest.) But at many moments Mr. Kennedy acted brilliantly for himself. At candidates' forums his was invariably the outside chair, and while he was in it he engaged in no friendly banter with the others on the podium, took scrupulous notes on the remarks of those who spoke before him, and only infrequently smiled. He often sent out mail on plain white sheets that bore nothing at the top except his name. (Other nonofficeholding candidates who lacked official notepaper used blaring colored heads that announced the address and telephones of their campaign headquarters.) When appearing in public he walked alone, eschewing the company of the multiple aides, protectors and advisers usually found at candidates' ears and elbows. And in a dozen other ways he helped to shape himself into the Type of the earnest Unknown, the man accustomed to being forgotten by the Organization.

For reasons already cited an especial significance attaches to the attempts of Democratic candidates to show themselves as green hands at the organization of party power. But this hardly means that the similar attempts visible at Worcester, scene of the Republican convention in mid-June, were without importance. In a sense the attempts are traditional at conclaves of Bay State Republicans. Measured by voter registrations both the Democrats and the Republicans are "minority parties" in Massachusetts, where a million residents are registered as Independents; but Democrats have a three to two edge in party registrations, and therefore the State G.O.P. rarely trumpets the party affiliations of its major candidates. (Governor Volpe's successful campaign in 1960 was made on the slogan "Vote the Man, Vote Volpe," which ap-

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peared on billboards bare of reference to the Republican Party.) Still, the impression was that Republican preconvention campaign style this year aimed at a closer approach to apolitics than had been attempted in the past. Representative Lawrence Curtis, seeking the Senatorial endorsement, employed a strategy that directly paralleled Mr. McCormack's; he turned attention away from his long experience in Congress, and developed astonishing strength as a wise country amateur seeking to try his rude underprivileged hand ("I have no famous relatives") in the Great World after a decade in the Congressional barn. And, more important, the convention as a whole repeatedly showed its impatience with "narrow party talk."

As should be said, this behavior can be regarded as a careless indulgence of the kind permitted only to strength. For historical reasons—among them the simplicity of its "ethnic makeup"—the Republican Party is more or less untroubled by organizational chaos. But the eruptions of noncommitment at Worcester seemed part of a pattern of embarrassment at political labels inexplicable in purely historical terms. Mr. Lodge strengthened his position at a critical point by releasing a private poll that showed him running much stronger than Representative Curtis among Independent voters (in races against Democratic candidates described only as "A" and "B"). Some Republicans were irritated by this news, naturally: as young Mr. Lodge pressed through the crowd to the rostrum to accept the congratulations of Senator Saltonstall, a voice rang around the hall from a captured microphone, droning for all to hear: "George Lodge is a Democrat! George Lodge is a Democrat!" But that error of taste went unchided. And when, a few moments later at a press conference, a reporter asked Mr. Lodge whether he was a "liberal Republican," the assembled observers—including the Governor who had run as a Man, not as a Republican—witnessed another graceful glide away from parties "and all that." Mr. Lodge met the question in what might well have been called the characteristic convention style of 1962, one that deprecates every label that brings to mind Organized politics, announces boredom with leftists, rightists, liberals, conservatives, Republicans, Democrats, and manages to locate the issues off the page, beyond words, beyond quarrel. "I am not a—" the candidate began, and then broke off, adding after a moment with a pleasant smile: "I deny the word, I have denied the *words,* they are meaningless."

What significance is to be attached to such denials? No doubt it is overfanciful to claim that the candidates who make them are groping for candidacies beyond politics—but it is a fact that large audiences for candidacies of this kind already exist. Public disapproval of "party business" crops out in the least as well as in the most sophisticated attempts to register the popular pulse. (An inquiring photographer of the *Boston Herald* asking a question in June about the value of political conventions drew a number of relevant answers: "The voters have no say at all. . . ." ". . . the pressure groups are going to rule anyway." "There's where the political machines operate.") The figure of the political outsider—Mr. George Romney is the latest recruit to the legion—has grown steadily more familiar. Political talent scouts like Representative Bob Wilson of California, Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, are said to be advising local party leaders to worry more about vivacity and less about party regularity or ideology in choosing young candidates. And public scorn for party men (together with disbelief in issues) is now regarded by academic political scientists as an element of sufficient importance to justify serious efforts to frame a descriptive politics of alienation.

The most successful effort in the field thus far is that of Professor Murray B. Levin of Boston University. Professor Levin finds outmoded the old theory of the "ethnically balanced ticket"; arguing that the sound politician does well to "plan his campaign by dividing the electorate into alienated and non-alienated voters rather than into the customary categories of Democrats, Republicans, Independents, Protestants, Catholics, etc.," he claims that the "alien-

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ated voter whose disillusionment with both parties is great is the most significant independent." In *The Compleat Politician* (a recently published study written in collaboration with Mr. George Blackwood) Professor Levin lays out model lines of strategy for the capture of the man who has "abandoned his traditional party loyalties." The immediate objectives of the strategy are to effect an identification of the candidate himself "with the alienated voter" (this the candidate accomplishes "by stressing his own powerlessness"), and "to intensify the feelings of powerlessness" among voters (this the candidate accomplishes by "emphasizing the unchecked tyranny of the incumbents and intimating that their hegemony is the cause of the citizen's powerlessness"). The particular quality needed by the managers of such campaigns is described as "creative cynicism." The gambits favored are various. They include reliance upon "opinion polls" (substitutes for formal speeches) in which voters are asked to give their views—while the questioner subtly implants, through the questions themselves, views favorable to his candidate; paid political broadcasts in the form of objective news reports, which appear "to be unsponsored and non-political and may therefore [seem] more credible to alienated voters"; advertisements that put a case for one party as opposed to another—but in terms negative enough to persuade skeptics. (Professor Levin notes: "During the Ward-Volpe contest [for the Governorship in 1960] an advertising executive who had been advising candidates in Massachusetts for thirty years suggested to an influential Republican that his party could take advantage of feelings of political powerlessness among the electorate by placing the following advertisement in newspapers throughout the state:

'Negroes
Jews
Protestants
excluded from participation
in
the Democratic Party.'"

The suggestion was not followed—for technical as opposed to moral reasons.

The connection between the formulas thus summarized and the old theory of political image-building are evident. Much has been written on the theme of the attractive candidate as the political mute—a set of gestures, a figure in a myth, a man capable of asking his audience to look straight into his heart for solutions to community problems (solutions that take the form of lessons in likableness and decency). But there *is* a further stage implicit in the "politics of alienation." In campaigns conducted in accordance with the assumptions of this politics, every candidate is an outsider, every candidate is obliged to avoid subjects requiring the use of any outright political language, indeed every candidate is required to *abuse* such subjects—because acceptance of obligations to a party organization amounts to evidence of black turpitude. The minor paradoxes that multiply in such contests need no gloss: the man seeking party endorsement secures it by declaring his scorn for it; the politician seeking paid political office secures it by noisily despising people who depend on politics "for a living." But beyond lies the less palpable truth that uninterrupted exposure to campaigns organized on this model means the formalization of a whole new area of Taboo. As the long democratic struggle to replace suspicion of governors with confidence in them is given over, politics itself, the organization of *public* life, emerges as the Ultimate Unspeakable of human experience.

The latter vision leads away, of course, from present truths; it is proper to acknowledge that, when considered in isolation, the snippets of the new politics visible at the Massachusetts conventions stir something less than hysteria. The 1962 conventions did not create the trend toward party apolitics, and the intensity of the effort at Springfield to draw upon the reservoir of popular suspicion of the politician was hardly unprecedented. Only two years ago the Democratic Convention was harassed by charges (comparable to those made by Mr. McCormack) that one candidate had in effect bought the conclave, by providing hotel rooms for scores of delegates, meals

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for hundreds and promises of jobs for an uncounted number. The author of the charges, not a prominent figure on the 1962 scene, was Robert F. Murphy, known as "Mr. Integrity"; the man accused, Joseph Ward, was prominent on the 1962 scene—as a candidate for the Attorney Generalship. And this season it was his turn to present himself as the apolitical outsider, the new "Mr. Integrity." (Mr. Ward's flyers described him as a "Lawyer-Educator-Author," and his "personal platform" included a plank calling for the creation of a "twenty [20] man 'Baby FBI' implemented by 'untouchables'" to fight corruption; he was defeated for the convention endorsement by Rocky Marciano's high school chum.) Roles, in short, are played and exchanged from year to year—and at no time in the history of elective office has the part of The Underdog been without attractions.

Yet, returning to the point of moment, there is at least one compelling reason (in Massachusetts at any rate) for *not* considering the evidences of apolitical politics in isolation—namely, the extraordinarily urgent local need for a confrontation with specific party problems. As indicated at the outset, the condition of Democratic party organization in Massachusetts is appalling enough to have roused a group of much-admired party members to full-scale action aimed at its repair. Insofar as the party chaos becomes a handmaid to official corruption, it is a matter of importance to every resident of the state. Responsible proposals for meeting the problem have been framed. Candidates for office have been asked to declare themselves on these proposals. It is in this context that the reluctance of the candidate to speak forthrightly as a party man—a politician well-schooled, a figure with a relish for the intricacies of organization that alone bring power and discipline into being—deserves to be considered. And when the reluctance *is* thus considered, the ground for concern about the movement toward apoliticalness seems anything but trivial.

To voice this concern is not to suggest that the vitality of party life as social exchange is disappearing. Neither clichés nor bad cigars hide the fact that state political conventions remain archetypal expressions of human solidarity. (The scene is all heartiness unfeigned, merry greetings, shouting handshakes. Laughter bursts forth continually at old ones that have Stood The Test Of Time—"So after Michael tells the magistrate he didn't hit her, he never hits his wife, the magistrate turns around and he says kind of nice: 'Now Nellie will you tell us your side, won't you,' and right away Mike says, 'Oh for God's sakes, Your Honor, don't listen to her—she's punchdrunk!'" There is rueful warm communion at the moment of defeat—in the "hospitality suites" of the men whose "pledged" delegates were treacherously departing, deep-bosomed, full-cheeked, moist-eyed ladies in hair nets and print dresses sit on window-sills in the half light, drinking quietly, nearly enjoying the unspoken concord of loyalty, the rich shared wisdom of loss.) Nor should it be thought that the forces of the Commonwealth Organization of Democrats left the convention empty-handed. The approved state party platform was an admirable document—clear in its recommendations on tax policy, firm in its positions on administrative reform—and no influence on the draftsmen was greater than that of COD.

But it does finally have to be said that clarity about the virtues of constitutional reform or governmental reorganization or the graduated income tax is neither more valuable nor more urgent than clarity about the virtues of town and ward committees as opposed to the one-man organizations that choke them off, or than clarity about the virtues of open party finances or open scrutiny of patronage—indeed of every device that toughens the faith of the political man in his own potency. Doubtless few are unaware that if politics becomes the unmentionable, power and hypocrisy will be one; probably many are aware that the struggle for politics proper cannot much longer be postponed. But at the Massachusetts conclaves last summer this awareness itself seemed a dirty little secret, and as yet we still await the proud believable champion of the cause.

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A Look Around . . . . . .

What Are the Wild Waves Saying?

PAUL A. ZAHL

I was at sea recently, aboard a research vessel commissioned and equipped for oceanography. One day the wind blew strong, and the naked sea whelmed and rolled. At the height of the blow the waves seemed humanly vocal; they whispered and groaned, shouted and preached. No silent world this, as swell upon sickening swell heaved and thudded against the ship's plowing shear.

What were they saying, these phonemes of the deep? That the planet's three hundred and thirty million cubic miles of sea hold in solution fifty-five quadrillion tons of salt, twelve and a half billion pounds of gold (net worth at current rates, about seven trillion dollars), along with varying amounts of just about every other element? That ages ago this remarkably solvent and heat-retentive fluid collaborated with the sun to produce a unique system of energy exchange called life, which diversified and spread throughout the sea's light-drenched upper layers, and into its sunless depths, and onto the land, and now into space?

Standing there on the deck, I yielded further to the whim of free association. I thought of the Phoenicians who were among the first to be lured by the sea's wild waves; of the Homeric argonauts who heard in them the sensual call of distant sirens; of Democritus who sighed that Nature had hidden truth at the bottom of the sea. I thought of the Vikings and the fifteenth and sixteenth-century navigators, of Melville who fancied in the sea's awful stirrings an intimation of some hidden animus beneath, and of Jesus who, standing on a pinnacle of self-knowledge, simply bade the waves to be still.

I joined my scientific colleagues on the ship's bridge. I knew how they, as working disciples of the age's new evangelism, would translate the voices of the wild waves: sounds reflecting merely the physics of sea and air, the pitch and interaction of substance. Only that, and nothing more.

At the moment these oceanographers were intent on the dial of an echo-sounding instrument which, along with other devices gleaming there, lent the pilot house an appropriate mid-twentieth-century decor. Delicate tracings being penned on a moving sheet of calibrated paper bespoke a sea bottom fanning out far beneath the steaming vessel—a planet-girdling grandeur of plains, peaks, canyons and caverns that never knew the light of day; a submarine terrain staggering to contemplate.

Of more immediate absorption, however, to me as a research biologist, were certain secondary markings being inscribed on that sheet. Also representing ultrasonic voices of the sea, they reported shoals of deep-swimming fish and layers of still smaller living things that hung like strange auroras betwixt surface and bottom; they divulged a remote and, save for the tracings of the echo-sounder, unseen skein of life seething down

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there in the perpetual darkness of the ocean's deep.

At the time of Democritus, men believed the sea nurtured a biota of weird and for the most part fearsome beings; later the great depths came to be regarded as lifeless, the sea floor a sterile graveyard for battered ships and lost mariners. But in 1818 an Englishman named Ross invented a crude grasping device which by long plumb line he lowered into the watery unknown. Up from the mile-deep bottom came living worms, crustaceans, hydroids and even a sea star—easily enough evidence to demolish the long-entrenched fiction of an azoic abyss. But the cherished view that protoplasm could not possibly metabolize at such depths outweighed Ross's findings, and his notes were ignored.

Then in 1860 a submarine telegraph cable laid three years earlier, connecting Sardinia and North Africa, snapped. Grappled and hauled to the surface for repair, it was found to be encrusted with marine growth. This, finally, could not be brushed aside; and there came into being the science of deep-sea biology, a branch of inquiry that, although still young, has proved nearly as exciting as would any sparked by the disclosure (expected in our time) of life elsewhere in the universe.

Indeed, the deep sea represents about the same degree of environmental hostility as that currently thought to prevail on, say, the planet Mars, although immeasurably more monotonous and uniform. Pressures are enormous; the place is unutterably black, unimaginably silent and nearly motionless. Temperatures in the most profound regions stand undeviatingly just a few degrees above freezing; and the only source of nutrient is organic bits that sift down from above.

What could possibly live under these conditions? Deep-sea net and dredge collections made by such famous research vessels as the *Challenger,* the *Valdivia,* and the *Michael Sars,* along with glimpses from cable-suspended and, more recently, plunging bathyscaphe capsules, have revealed the depths as inhabited, although somewhat sparsely, by an astonishing variety of protoplasmic nightmares that eat, struggle, reproduce, mutate and die, just as their more commonplace cousins do along coast, on reef and in upper ocean.

Low temperature and massive pressure comprise no barrier, although obviously only organisms that could adapt to continuous cold selected this environment. As to the great weight of water, this ceases to have physiological significance so long as the pressure is the same inside the body as out. The reader is not aware of the fifteen pounds forever impinging on every square inch of him; neither is the abyssal fish as it bears the brunt of a thousand times that amount.

More telling in the evolution of weird form and outlandish aspect among the deep sea's fauna have been competition for food in a context of scarcity, relative stillness of the water, absence of extrinsic light and very low levels of dissolved calcium as a source of lime.

Take first the matter of food. Sessile dwellers (sponges, polyps, sea lilies and the like) feed directly on deep-ranging zooplankton, or on dead or dying bodies that, along with other bits of organic detritus, settle down from above like a gentle rain upon a place far beneath. Others (protozoa, snails, worms, sea cucumbers, sea urchins, sea stars) burrow through or gorge on bottom ooze, which consists in the main either of the remains of foraminifera and other lime-shelled organisms, or the silicate skeletons of diatoms and radiolarians, or simply of a brownish fine-particled clay. For the most part such sediment is heavily loaded with scavenging bacteria which, along with their metabolic products, are a prime source of nutrient for the ooze-feeders. Then there are the free-ranging predators (fish, medusae, many arthropods, molluscs and crustaceans) that seize, slash and swallow whatever can be tricked or overtaken.

Actually this eat-and-be-eaten pattern is endowed ninety-three million miles up in space where the sun's atomic fires burn white. Of the prodigious amount of light energy sent forth, only the barest fraction

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lands on the planet Earth; the rest, as in the case of all stars, flies out into the farthest reaches of the cosmos. Of that falling on the sea, ninety per cent is absorbed at or near the surface; virtually none penetrates beyond five hundred feet. Thus the sea's upper layers are the creative crucible for all its biological energy.

The critical links in this heavens-to-abyss food chain are microbial diatoms and flagellates which, suspended by trillions in the sea's light zone, come loaded with Nature's most almighty gift, chlorophyll. Whether in the sea or in leafy things of the terrestrial world, this substance has the unique and wondrous power to seize solar energy and store it in molecular form. During each twenty-four hour period, some three hundred million tons of vital organic matter are thus added anew to the sea. Almost unbelievably, two-thirds of all photosynthesis on this planet is of marine origin.

Their tiny bodies now bulging with sustentative carbohydrate, these basking single-celled creators are grazed upon in astronomical numbers by hosts of somewhat larger organisms, the sea's animalculae. The latter metabolically convert the basic carbohydrate into more complicated starches, sugars and proteins until, fattened and ready for a continuing destiny of energy transference, they fall prey to the fishes, whales, clams, crabs, sponges, medusae and a thousand and one other species that make up the sea's more palpable fauna.

But these too are eventually gobbled up by one another, or simply die, their remains gravity-drawn into the depths to become, in implacable sequence, food for the dwellers of the cold pressured dark. But that is not quite the end, for released by the bottom or near-bottom fauna and by the ooze-loving bacteria are phosphates and nitrates which slowly well upward to fertilize new generations of photosynthesizers sunning at the surface.

An ichthyologist took me into the ship's hold where net and dredge victims taken earlier in the voyage had met an inglorious formalin end. Now in neat bottles and jars, they awaited their turn to serve the cause of science on the dissecting table of some distant museum taxonomist.

No pickled fish ever bears much resemblance to the original, but these were so intrinsically unique that even when preserved and viewed through the distortion of curved glass, they immediately seized one's attention.

Bearing such features as wildly exaggerated dentition, enormously gaping jaws, grossly distensible stomachs, globular eyes telescoping upward, bellies striped with rows of tiny light-generating organs, bodies transparent as glass and soft as pudding—these bottled specimens hinted at Nature's madcap achievements in the depths.

Add to the picture certain deep-sea fishes not represented in this collection: some trailing long barbels with luminous or specially sensitized tips, some with bulbous eyes that leer straight ahead as though all-seeing, and others, at certain stages of their life cycles, with visual organs pivoting on the ends of lanky stems. In one group the male is diminutive and hangs parasitically affixed to the body of the female. Many a member of the deep-sea angler group has a built-in fishing rod and a set of strange phosphorescent lures.

In contrast with their frightening aspect, the fragile composition of so many deep-sea fishes and invertebrates comes as a surprise: bones are generally soft, teeth pliable, hides gelatinous and tissues extraordinarily contractive and expansive. Predatory warfare in the deep, while as fierce, bloodthirsty and relentless as anywhere in the upper world, seems to be waged in a context of tremulant softness. In fact, so delicate are many of these organisms that when netted or dredged up they arrive at the surface as nearly unrecognizable masses of broken jelly.

At least two factors are responsible for this structural plasticity. First, there is no buffeting in the lower layers, such as characterizes the topside surf zone; no tossing, as by surface waves. For although the sea does have bottom-shaping currents, they are generally so slow and gentle as to be scarcely perceptible to living things there.

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This tends to free species from the need to develop strong supportive structures; in some cases it may even encourage growth. The very substantial size of certain deep-water sponges, polyps, urchins, crabs and sea spiders would lead to their immediate fragmentation and distintegration in even mildly turbulent water.

Pliancy of teeth and softness of bones are not necessarily related to the gelatinoid character of the prey. All three conditions are more likely owing to the meager amounts of calcium held in solution by abyssal waters, a state of affairs affecting the hardness not only of vertebrate bone but also of sea star and urchin ossicles and of mollusc and crustacean shells. Vitamin D, another essential to bone formation, is also in short supply, for sunlight is required for its synthesis, and in the abyss there is no sunlight ever.

Creatures inhabiting the dark streams of underground terrestrial caverns almost invariably have degenerate eyes or none at all, there being no need for vision in a totally lightless environment. It seems surprising then that many deep-sea species, both piscine and invertebrate, bear well-developed and in some cases singularly large eyes. This is no doubt related to the fact that whereas dwellers of subterranean streams have no capacity to generate luminescence, many a deep-water form is fantastically equipped in this regard: shrimp and squid throw forth clouds of luminous dust to blind or befuddle their pursuers; certain fishes are coated with slime that glows; others flash, sparkle and scintillate in ways marvelous to behold.

Thus, the dwelling place of these creatures is by no means unilluminated. Not only from inference, but from the readings of light-measuring instruments lowered far into the sea, we know that the abyss, if indeed a world of endless night, is brightened by the spontaneous flashings of silent stars and cold nebulae. Such emanations may serve to lure prey, to scare off enemies, to identify species and gender, to establish schooling patterns or simply to light the way. Yet one's temptation to generalize must be checked, for many species of the very lowest depths are known to be totally blind.

Some years ago I held in my hand a living deep-sea fish bearing the name *Chauliodus sloanii*. Involved again were the wild waves, but this time in the Mediterranean where Sicily and the toe of the Italian boot nearly touch to form the historically sinister Strait of Messina, abode of legendary Scylla and Charybdis.

It was a chill day in February, and the Apennines were unexpectedly white with snow. For nearly a week a sirocco wind had been whipping the Strait; and now with the moon in full phase the tides ran hard and strong.

Unpredictably several times each year, usually in late winter, such meteorological conditions join with the Strait's peculiar bottom topography to generate powerful subsurface currents that scour the Ionian so forcibly as to sweep aloft hosts of weird deep-sea creatures, each seldom longer than a pencil, but truly monstrous in aspect.

I found my specimen freshly washed up on a beach of dark volcanic sand, on the Sicilian side, within easy earshot of the hissing whirlpools of Charybdis. Cautiously I probed it with a stick, and the fish contorted weakly, snapped its wicked jaws and stretched its gill coverings in antemortem agony. Quick transference to a bucket of seawater helped a little, but within an hour the thing was dead.

It was as marvelous in death as in life. Jaws bristled with teeth so long that, to permit mouth closure, they interdigitated upward and downward, outside the lips. Each was a needle, transparent and pliable as a splinter of clean cartilage.

As the creature gasped its last, I could see a shelf of spots glistening under the tongue—bead-like flares which in the depths had kindled and lured the unwary into a maw of no return. Extending along both sides of the eely, slime-swathed body, like the portholes of a ship at night, were perfect gleaming rows of additional light organs.

I continued my walk down the beach, finding dozens of *Chauliodus*, along with

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other equally grotesque miniatures of the deep sea's gallery of monsters—all dead or dying, all victims of the wild waves, the up-welling sea and a fateful bottom topography.

The periodic spewing up of deep-sea forms in the Strait of Messina undoubtedly extends back through and before classical times. The ancients, including the venturesome and imaginative Greeks, most certainly trod this same stormy beach, encountered this same bizarre spawn of the deep. To the inventive mind haunted by the wail of the sirocco and the cry of the sea, these outlandish ichthyological bits awash on the sand could well have hinted of larger more deadly progenitors abiding in the evil waters of belching Charybdis and the dread currents that swept the Rock of Scylla.

It occured to me, as our ship and its science-minded staff continued a course through the buffeting sea, that disquieting sensory impingements of the natural world, such as the voices of wild waves, or even the less subjective testimony of an echo-sounder's script, may draw reactions somewhat in the manner of a Rorschach ink blot. Each man, each age, reads into sensory experience an aspect of his own preoccupation, and may find therein some premise for thought or action. The Biblical rebuke that the waves be still is an interesting occasion of one man's resistance to extrinsic suggestion.

Ecstasy

ERIKA RENON

I rushed around the house and tried to hide,
and could not, for the flame leaped up inside,
and lit each corner, if there corners be,
with this confounded leaping ecstasy.

I raised a hand to shield my flaming face,
which had been struck by such a hasty grace
that it ignited unexpectedly
beneath this unaccustomed ecstasy.

And yet this miracle, divinely caustic,
occurred to one whose faith has been ill-bred,
to one who held herself a true agnostic.
The wound has ceased to bleed the while I bled.

✪ ERIKA RENON, an established German poet now writing in English, is the wife of the author, René Fueloep-Miller. The SCHOLAR, in the Spring, 1956, issue, published the first of her poems to appear in the United States.

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The Shaping of Prophecy

Craft and Idea in the Novels of Wright Morris

WAYNE C. BOOTH

A year or so ago a reviewer in the *New Leader* complained because a new journal, the *Noble Savage,* was full of "old," "best-selling," "comfortably established" authors—among them Wright Morris. And just the other day I read in the *Virginia Quarterly Review* an attempt to explain the "popularity" of Morris' *Love Among the Cannibals.* I don't know how Wright Morris feels when he learns that he is comfortably established and popular, but he must wince when he receives that old reliable primary source of data on such matters, the publisher's check. Wright Morris established? Among some critics, perhaps, and a small band of devotees. But it would be a rash man who would address the Ladies Literary Society of Provo, Utah, or the School of Letters at Indiana University on the assumption that many had even heard of him, let alone read anything by him.

There is, then, this mystery. A writer can receive almost unanimous critical acclaim (an entire recent issue of *Critique* was devoted to Morris), be sought by publishers, win the National Book Award, be hired by colleges as a "famous writer," go on jaunts to exotic lands to do travel articles (paid more per article, incidentally, than he is likely to make from any one book), and still when he sits down to his desk have no clear sense that anyone out there is listening. You who are still with me, you say that you have followed his work, and have done so from the beginning? But how many of us are there, and does Morris know of us, as a group, in any useful way? And what about all the others who, never having heard of him, have skipped this little retrospective tour of twenty years' achievement?

There is this mystery, and it is, as you would guess, a trouble to the serious novelist. Just how much of the mystery is to be explained by the general estrangement of authors and readers in our time, or by the vagaries of big-time publishing, or by other social forces beyond anyone's immediate control, it is impossible to say. Perhaps, as I shall suggest later on, some small part of the blame rests with Morris himself. But what most strikes one, thinking over his fourteen books, is that here is a great oversight to be corrected, a great loss—to the reading public—to be redressed.

It is not, after all, as if Morris were one of the many modern novelists who have affected to scorn the reader. Robert Oliphant is seriously mistaken in grouping him, recently, with what he calls the "wise guys," those clever surface writers who use, in contrast to a "public voice," an indecipherable, inconclusive, deliberately hazy code of values. He can be difficult, true enough, and he has sometimes let himself sound, in his private pronouncements about his art, as if his quest were merely to fill *his* need. But he has never spoken as irresponsibly about the supremacy of "self-expression" as was almost mandatory for the older

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generation of novelists, and he has said some good things, in *The Territory Ahead,* about the ludicrous extremes to which even Hemingway and Faulkner sometimes went in their claims to independence of all objective standards, moral, esthetic or social. His ultimate repudiation of the picture of the artist as private visionary has always been clear. The artist, he said in his unpublished Amherst lectures, must be "both a visionary and a realist," which means, I take it, that whatever private vision he may evoke must be finally based on and made relevant to the so-called real world that it judges—to the world that the reader mistakenly thinks is more real than the one the novelist creates. An author who has constructed in many of his books fundamentally reliable narrators who speak, at the end of their brief quests, for the values the author himself cares most about is hardly to be dismissed as "a wise guy."

Isn't the artist's purpose to present us with something new? Something more life-like, if possible, than life itself? Nature might well imitate art, but art has more to do than imitate nature.... The artist's purpose is to transform. Isn't he—like the lover—something of an alchemist? One who takes the ordinary stuff of life and makes it, presto, somehow more life-like. Perhaps more beautiful—as difficult as that might sometimes be.

Although some of his recent novels lack this degree of explicitness, most of them are more like *What a Way to Go,* the new novel from which this passage is taken. In short, it is much more accurate to see Morris as struggling constantly to find a public voice, a way of making public the distinctions he sees between the real and the phony.

Of course a novelist could be eager to communicate and still write on such an esoteric level that nobody could figure him out. But the mystery of neglect is deepened with Morris when one recognizes that his themes are by no means so difficult or so idiosyncratic that only the initiated can understand them. He says big things, big enough to win the respect of the most serious reader, but they are not particularly hard sayings. That to walk this tightrope between the insignificant and the esoteric is no mean achievement can be seen by contrasting his ideas with the trivialities offered by our popular novelists and the puzzles and pomposities offered by most "serious" writers.

I have described elsewhere my view of Morris' particular scheme of ideas. Briefly, it is a form of the Platonic drive for permanence, reality, timelessness, in a time-bound world of change. There is in his novels a constant, explicit dialectic between two worlds—between what is really real and what, in our ordinary experience, merely seems so. Almost obsessed, from the beginning, with the poignance of a human life caught in a changing, shifting world, he has in most of his novels gone back to the past, caught the lives of his characters in flux, and tried to fix them by a transforming vision of whatever is timeless beneath or above the changing surface. In two books, *The Home Place* and *The Inhabitants,* he did it partly with actual photographs—among the finest photographic evocations of America that we have.

But the fixing of the photographic moment is only one of many devices for capturing a vision of what, in human life, can give moments of truth. The particular values shift from work to work, and we can be sure that they will continue to shift: a prophet, at least a prophet who wants to write novels, cannot rest satisfied with one evocation. But the varied quest can, for Morris, be summarized without too much distortion under three heads:

1. Men escape the phony and find reality whenever they do anything heroic, courageous, full of audacity. With a breadth of vision that makes Hemingway's notion of courage seem like a schoolboy's essay on Heroes I Have Known, Morris has found heroes in unlikely places—an old Uncle spitting tobacco juice in the eye of a brutal cop; a middle-class Gold-Star Mother defying the Navy by running her christening of a battleship in her own way; a cynical college student burning his hand in a live flame to prove that at least something is not phony.

2. But it is not enough to be merely brave;

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the unimaginative hero is soon caught in his own clichés and is no longer able to achieve the real. What can save him is inventiveness, imagination: the power of seeing the true picture beneath the surface, and then acting heroically on the transformations of reality that result. In almost every book one finds a character who is viewed as heroic by one or more "witnesses" just because his imagination is alive and he acts in accordance with its dictates. In *The Man Who Was There* a dead man dominates the book because in his living he was so fully alive that no one who met him was unchanged. In *The Huge Season* the witness, Foley, is almost destroyed by the intense captivity that he experiences in the afterglow of such heroic characters. Old Scanlon, in *The Field of Vision* and *Ceremony in Lone Tree,* spends most of his life "living again" experiences that were secondhand in the first place: the heroic age before his own has captured his imagination, and he achieves a kind of reality by pure imaginative re-creation. But Scanlon is only a shadow of those characters who, through imagination, through audacious improvisation, through creative transformation of the clichés of life, make it new. Only by constantly staying ahead of change, only by mastering flux, does one achieve the still point of the turning world. Only in the creative act of seeing (or of writing novels about seeing) does one achieve "a permanent scene, made up of frail impermanent things."

3. Finally—to come to a value that in some modern novelists has been unique and supreme—one can touch reality by achieving love. In moments of compassion (which must, of course, be informed by imaginative power, because there can be no meaningful compassion without imagining oneself beyond the surface clichés of other lives) one can touch the real perhaps more intensely than in any other way. Sometimes the love is an almost helplessly disembodied compassion, as in Brady's final Santa Claus act in *The Works of Love.* But the love that transforms is not necessarily tender or compassionate. Any love that gets one out of oneself, any love that pulls one out of the clichés into genuine vitality can be a source of the real. Even the metaphorical cannibalism of the characters in *Love Among the Cannibals* can "strip a man down to the essentials." The brutality of the beautiful and unprincipled heroine can be of value to the victim because it is based on a vital, direct meeting of persons; it wakens the dumb Southern belle from somnolence to life; although the brutality itself can hardly be called one of the works of love, it is like love in the intensity and directness of the communication it establishes among persons. The world of cliché formerly inhabited by the victim has been torn away, and her eyes are now "drilled with real pupils" in place of the empty holes that were there before.

These ideas, or something like them, have run through all the novels. But what about the matter of craft? Morris has shown an increasing awareness that the problem for him is not, finally, only one of vision. In *The Territory Ahead* he deplores the American tendency to idolize the great failures just because they tried for the impossible. Blessed with a superabundance of raw material, American novelists have been able to get by with the unassimilated report. But now that the frontiers, in the old sense, are closed, the novelist must "meet old world masters at their own game": the game of the master craftsman who succeeds in doing the great thing because he knows his craft.

How we see the problem of craft depends on our critical presuppositions. There has been a tendency in modern criticism of fiction to reduce it all to the question of the point of view from which a story is told. Once we see the serious inadequacies of this one approach, however valuable it is in itself, we can without too much simplification talk about craft under two other headings, both of them in my view prior to the question of point of view: there is the problem of invention of character and there is the problem of the invention of sustained dramatic action that will make of character

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something more than a sequence of static revelations.

In the first of these, Morris is surely one of our two or three finest craftsmen, and he has been so from the beginning. Mary McCarthy recently lamented, in *Partisan Review,* the decline of character in fiction; nobody, she said, really troubles anymore to invent characters, in the old Dickensian sense, and the result is that all characters sound alike. I know what she means, but I can't believe that she has really read much Morris. Running over the novels I find dozens of distinctive, lively, comic (and pathetic) characters, characters who have that curious power that Miss McCarthy seems to be looking for: they force one to look at life through their lenses; one finds oneself saying, to friends who know Morris, that so-and-so is an Uncle Dudley, or an Old Scanlon, or a Mrs. Porter, or a "Greek." The new novel, for example, has at least four characters who I am sure will be permanently fixed in my equipment for perception.

The full secret of such invention is of course beyond discovery or more people would achieve it, but it is no doubt related to one indispensable gift: the capacity to see the behavior of others without an immediate personal reference to oneself. Dickens can create his Mr. and Mrs. Snagsby, and Mrs. Snagsby's self-righteous tears over the entirely imaginary and indeed inconceivable infidelity of Mr. Snagsby, only because he had no need to force every point of view to one point of view. The authors Miss McCarthy describes lead all their characters to seem like vague approximations to one central character, whose perceptions are unchanging although his different avatars may have different superficial characteristics. Morris is guilty of this fault, if it is a fault, only in portraying his heroes: too many of them seem, to my taste, to be thinly disguised portrayals of the author's picture of himself, and they thus tend to become confused in the reader's mind.

But his capacity to invent minor characters of great vividness and individuality seems unlimited. In *What a Way to Go,* for example, he gives us his own Ship of Fools, but unlike too many of the characters in Katherine Anne Porter's book his do not seem so much invented to prove again and again that men are base and foolish as to show that even the most foolish can surprise you.

> Still, if he had it to live over, Mr. Lipari observed, he would rather be a man than a woman. Would Soby know why? They exchanged glances in the cabinet mirror [in the shared steamship cabin]. To do it and not to enjoy it—was that not a scheme of the devil? So much of your life spent in bed and flat on your back? For that alone he could not thank God enough and might increase the clause in his will [giving money to the Catholic church] when the time came. It was not like Soby, his lips frothy with lather, to say that this had not been his experience, that some women would thank God that they were women, not men.
>
> "How many women you know?" Mr. Lipari asked, unimpressed.

Such a beginning will be followed with loving, economical skill; such characters go places in the novels, according to their own lights. Twenty pages later Mr. Lipari reappears, returning from a shore visit at Barcelona:

> He needed help. Hugged in his arms were half a dozen bottles of Fundador. One he had opened, as he had walked along. The time was short. He had but thirty-six hours to drink it [before arriving in Italy to make his pilgrimage to the Pope]. One could bring it on, but not take it off the boat. In his excitement he had walked all the way on the cuffs of his new trousers, his arms being too full to hoist his pants. Perspiration darkened the crown of his green cap. At this moment, clutching the brandy he had bought for eighty cents a bottle, his nostrils full of Spanish tobacco, the [new] wave still in his hair, his shaggy eyebrows, the Gods should have called Mr. Lipari away, as they had called Aschenbach. Never before had Soby gazed on such perfect felicity. Hoarse-voiced, not a little frog-like, swaying as if he held in his arms a baby, Mr. Lipari sang of his return to Sorrento, a place he had never been but where now, with the blessings of the Pope, he one day hoped to go.

There are surely few living novelists who can do with character what Morris does

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with the dozen or so such evocations in *What a Way to Go.*

But what about that other aspect of craft, the successful integration of idea and character into significant dramatic action? It is in this respect that Morris' theory, and much of Morris' earlier work, seemed most questionable. There is nothing in the theory, even now, that would give any help to the young novelist in the simple, plaguy matter of finding out how to move his story from here to there, from page one to page the last. There is no suggestion that there should be such things as climax or placement or pacing or skillful alternation of scene and summarizing narration. It is all written as if the novelist had simply to obtain these marvelous visions of significance, invent characters who will be positive or negative illustrations of the truth, and then construct what he calls a "poem of impressions" out of the materials, with no troubling about dramatic scenario, no wrestling with the demons of plot synthesis.

His earlier work to some extent reflects this deficiency in the theory—a deficiency, be it said, that Morris shares with many of the most serious novelists of our time. It is true, of course, that no one of his novels has lacked all sense of sequential build-up. Even *The Inhabitants* moves; although the movement is slight, it is enough to prevent our being entirely dependent on our interest in the sensitive evocation of disconnected qualities. But it is still generally true that through his first six books Morris never really attempted a large dramatic structure.

These books are so good, in their way, that one hesitates to express the wish that they were better. *My Uncle Dudley,* for example, is wonderful fun, and that such a novel should be out of print says a lot against our present cultural situation. The saga of the rapscallion, improvising uncle and the Kid, as they drive across the country from Los Angeles to "a small town" in Arkansas, catches once and for all, much better than Kerouac, much better than any other work I know, the carefree, slapdash, freewheeling flair of America's open road, and there are places in it that are as good as *Huck Finn.* But at every point one feels that the accuracy of the vision has been pursued at the expense of making the vision seem important. As in *Huck Finn,* characters are picked up and dropped off as the saga continues, but unlike *Huck Finn* this work has no central issue at stake. The boy and the uncle are simply on the road, leaving California because they've "had enough of milk and honey"—a telling point, but not one that is likely to sustain us on the road in the way that the freeing of Jim from slavery does. An issue of importance is finally discovered, more than half way through the book: the cops in the Arkansas town are tyrants, and one of the jailbirds in the jail where they take the Kid and his uncle has made it his life's calling to spit in the eye of the various corrupt authorities. "For spittin in eyes is just what I been called on to do, an what a man really called on for he must. An I come to see I called on to do it now. Since I'm a new kinda horse I need a new kinda feed." There's only one important cop left to be spit on: "There's just Cupid . . . then I done what I called on to do." It is from this line of action, if it can be called that, and from this theme of audacious rebellion against authority, that the novel takes its climax—if *it* can be called that. The uncle and the Kid are taken by Cupid, the brutal cop, to the edge of town, and are told to beat it.

> The cigar juice was leaking on Uncle Dudley's chin and he looked like hell yet he looked kind of sporty. He tipped his head and winked at Cupid with his good eye. Cupid thought that was pretty funny and winked back at him—then he closed one eye and opened the other one wide. And right when he did Uncle Dudley spit him, full flush in that eye. The juice spattered all over his face and dripped dark brown on his front—but he didn't move, he just sat stiff, his hands white on the door. Then suddenly he reached for the gun, but Biscuit had it, pointing it at the sky. He made motions with it for Uncle Dudley to get in. "Easy now—easy, easy, easy now," he said. "Easy, boy—"

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And they drive Uncle Dudley back to the jail, out of the life of the Kid. As they take the turn, to go out of the boy's life, Uncle Dudley, still full of audacity, "put out his hand"—to signal the turn and to wave goodbye at the same time.

Now this is in itself an audacious scene, at once comic and inspiriting. But as the culminating scene of a whole novel it is somehow not enough, particularly since too many of its motives have been inadequately prepared for earlier. As a symbolic gesture of contempt for authority and of Uncle Dudley's courageous willingness to throw away his life, or part of it, for the sake of a grand gesture, it is fine. But authority has been no threat in the novel until toward the end, and Uncle Dudley has shown no special interest in defying it. The character spat on ought to be, for maximum effect, somebody that the reader wants put down—as any third-rate dramatist before the twentieth century could have told us. But Morris' attention is so strongly on other game, throughout the novel, that he has obviously had no time or energy to think about preparations, heightenings, foreshortenings and the like—all those splendid and difficult tricks of the trade that Henry James dwelt upon so profitably. The result is that the reader is not led to see the gesture in as bright a light as the author obviously intends. The only reader likely to catch the full significance of Uncle Dudley's act is the ready-made reader—someone who comes back to this novel after a careful study of many of the other novels. There is no sign in any of the early reviews I have read that readers knew what Morris was up to. And their failure is not entirely their own fault.

The same casual, or perhaps even deliberate, undervaluing of dramatic sequence, the same almost exclusive reliance on structure of theme and quality rather than of event, marked several of the novels that followed *My Uncle Dudley*. *The Man Who was There, The Inhabitants, The Home Place, The World in the Attic, Man and Boy* all succeed beautifully as incisive pictures of the clichés of various character types and milieus set against the deeper reality that Morris always finds beneath the clichés. But it would be hard to think of any other significant novelist early or late who has written so many novels with such deliberately dampened crescendos.

In Morris' own account of his work, he marks no shift in the later novels toward a greater concern with problems of dramatic structure. He discusses each work still as if it were merely another stage in the expression of the artist's lifelong struggle to discover the figure in his own carpet. But there is a marked shift in the early fifties, starting with his seventh book, *The Works of Love*. Here for the first time a big event was attempted: the account of a man's life with its total meaning. No wonder that he had difficulty: his sensitive evocations of milieu, of dialogue, of character were now obviously no longer sufficient. One of his most significant statements of the problem of the prophet novelist arises from his effort to understand why *The Works of Love* gave him so much trouble:

> . . . the author was absorbed to the point of no return in the life and times of a man named Will Brady. What craft he had learned, or should have learned, seemed to dissolve under the spell and he wrote like a dreamer. For several years he was adrift in a sea of intense but constantly expanding impressions, all having their origin in the singular nature of life on the high plains. Eight or nine complete versions of this MS exist. Some of them run close to two hundred thousand words. . . . It was a poem of impressions, rather than a novel, that secretly engaged the author. The end product—if indeed it can be called an end—left the attic of his mind strewn with fragmentary conceptions.

We see here the precise difficulty faced by any novelist who views his task as the processing of his own experience into a public prophetic vision. The effort to get down "the nature of life on the high plains" is inherently a supremely difficult one—perhaps ultimately an impossible one. It is the *kind* of effort that Morris explicitly deplores in a writer like Wolfe, whom he sees as a novelist who thought that the piling up of personal materials was enough. For Morris the piling up of several drafts of two

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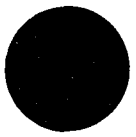

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hundred thousand words each is not enough; he knows that all those drafts are the beginnings of fiction, not the end product, and that the *processing* of material is more important than the material itself.

Rather than not enough raw material, I have too much. It has led me to process into fiction one life at a time. A more gifted writer than I happen to be would have orchestrated matters in a more convincing manner: one or two large books, rather than many small books, might have been the result. Only recently have I been able to take a comprehensive view of both facts and fiction, and apply myself to the problems of synthesis. In this direction *The Field of Vision* is a start.

It would be more accurate to say that *The Works of Love* was a start, and that through *The Deep Sleep* (certainly one of the best of his novels), and *The Huge Season,* to *The Field of Vision,* his effort to encompass larger and larger wholes increased; without sacrificing any of the thematic richness of the earlier works, he increases the size of his casts of characters and the intricacy of causal connections among them and among the events of the book. The typical earlier work had one or two main characters, with a background of minor characters almost as harshly subordinated as the minor characters in Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist.* The typical later work has several major characters (often with several "point-of-view" characters). More important—since the simple total number of characters says nothing about improved quality—is the fact that we find more and more interest in control over climactic sequences of event. Both *Love Among the Cannibals* and *Ceremony in Lone Tree* come to unashamed climaxes that might have embarrassed that purer, greener young man who eschewed plot. But perhaps the latest work, *What a Way to Go,* is most significant in this respect. In it we find no loss of any of the usual Morris virtues. The sharp eye that we have come to expect is still here, the eye that sees such things as the catlike tongue of the heroine licking an ice cream sandwich, "honing the rim like a potter's wheel," the eye that sees the American and German tourist with devastating accuracy. The richness of character and the characteristic double vision are still here, placing every realistic detail within a frame of judgment that distinguishes the real and the phony. All of the old themes are found in new guises: the search for the permanence beneath the transitory, the effort to see beneath the cliché, the drive for transformation through acts of imagination and love, the threat of spiritual cannibalism. Up to a point it is the mixture as before.

What is most striking, however, is the larger unity that he has given all of these things through the invention of a highly improbable and idiosyncratic and yet strangely convincing courtship and marriage. Like any good plot, this central unifying event charges all of the elements of the work with more power than any of them could have achieved on their own. Its significance can best be seen by looking at a new theme that emerges in this work, and at the way in which the larger comic action preserves that theme from the sorts of disaster with which it might seem to be naturally threatened.

When one's prophet comes bursting out of the wilderness at this late date to announce that the body has a wisdom that the mind knows not of, there is likely to be a sense of anticlimax. Have we read Freud, have we read Lawrence, have we read Mailer? Even admitting that there is such a thing as wisdom of the body, that to use the term wisdom in this sense does not destroy its usefulness, how can Morris, advancing a bodily wisdom surrounded with all sorts of comic nuances, hope to compete with the prophets of good orgasm? One can see why it might be important for the novelist to have discovered that the transformations of the spirit, including those effected by the artist's vision, are often at the mercy of gut and gland. But in our time one is scarcely tempted to give any prizes for originality to the philosopher-novelist who announces that the body is not entirely amenable to the dictates of pure reason.

Fortunately, there *are* the comic nuances.

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The dreadful solemnity that has generally been induced in novelists by discovering Freud or Reik is here entirely avoided. Although Morris may take his new idea too seriously in the sense of working at it too hard and repeating it too often, and although he leads one to expect a reasoned coherence about it that I cannot discover, the whole thing is saved because the major thrust of the book is for comedy. Not: "I have discovered a truth about mind and body; believe it!" Rather: "I have rediscovered one of the ancient secrets of comedy: the mind has pretentions that the body does not always honor."

The hero, Soby, a middle-aged professor of English at a college for women, has discovered the new wisdom in the arms of his young Greek wife (if the book were not comic one would be embarrassed to report that her name is—or rather was, for she died soon after his discovery—Sophia). Even at the moment of discovery, the artist's eye is more on the comic juxtaposition of two kinds of bodily truth than on the solemnities of passion. "Her nails—seldom so clean the problem of infection was not present—at the moment they dug into his flesh were indifferent to whose flesh it might be." The book is full of such neat undercuttings. Bodily wisdom just seems firmly established when bodily foolishness lunges in. The foolishness of the young German *Wandervogel* on their Grecian tour, for example, lies not only in the comic contrast between their *echt Deutsch* pretensions and their physical reality; they are victims of plain physical incongruities as well.

They would accept no money. It was no more than one should expect from the *Wandervogel*. . . . Boys and girls. About three dozen blonde heads in all. They gathered, seated on their bedrolls, where the sun continued to tan them while they sang.

The big fellow who had carried Soby's luggage plucked a guitar—a ukelele in his hands—with his head tilted to one side as if to empty water from one ear, or listen to his own small voice. The larger voice, an organ-loft contralto, came from the blonde head at his side, a pitch pipe gleaming at the dip in her peasant blouse. She wore her braids pinned up, a honey-blonde halo, rope-soled sandals were on her large dirty feet. Was she young? Not only her voice had a matronly amplitude. On the frizzled knee of the giant beside her she slapped her hand like a metronome. A dirty tan gave her the look of an Indian with peeling war paint. . . .

And where were they bound? To Greece, of course. To see it as the Greeks saw it, on foot. In her honeyed smile did Soby detect a glint of judgment? Could *he* sing or dance? Did he plan to *walk*? . . . She accepted his coins as partial payment on his guilt.

It is clear that neither mind nor body enjoys any sort of triumph here; all pretentions are undercut, all efforts to build up invulnerable roles end in scenes like Soby's camel-act in the Bal Masque on shipboard. The roles played in that gala evening are not chosen according to any reasoned values. They are either assigned from above—the Steward plans the camel costume and awards first prize to it in advance of the contest—or they are "assigned" by internal forces that the characters cannot possibly understand. One sweet young thing is even possessed by the same demonic force that Soby had long ago discovered in the arms of his wife. It is a force that echoes throughout the book, usually in the form of Soby's haunting memory of Aschenbach's dream of the ululating savages. But it never possesses anyone more completely than the poor girl who dances herself into the lap of the baffled drummer of the band. The orgy ends, as it began, in farce, but it is farce that at each step forces us, even as we laugh, into thought about the "wisdom of the body."

But the doctrine has at the same time been saved from an intolerable ponderousness by the farce. The very doctrine itself becomes a doctrine of comedy. Instead of Death in Venice we have found comic vitality at the center of the storm. Instead of a decadent sickly futile love of Aschenbach for a boy who stands, in his view, for divine love, we have a down-to-earth, concrete liaison, a grand comic affirmation of healthy although dangerous bodily connection. Not in the immaterial reaches of Platonic ideas is permanence found; one cannot get fully "out of this world." Although one may try

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to avoid the real eyes, to look behind the eyes of the Virgin and treat her, impersonally, anonymously, as all fish below the thighs, the durable, the real, is found in the improvising, shifting, fluid life expressed by the wildly irrational marriage at the end. It is a marriage that I think will receive more than its share of critical attack, since it makes sense only in the terms set up by the book as a whole. The beautiful, gauche, mindless nymph has had no chance, when we first meet her, to find out who she is; everyone insists on seeing her, as she sees herself, buried under clichés. Only Soby tries to see her, and to get her to see herself, as she really is. In a sequence of transformations nicely controlled for mounting comic effect, he finds himself taming the wild goose, the Primavera, the Nausicaa, the Miss Liebfraumilch, turning her into the real young girl whose growing accessibility matches her growing ability to recognize him as indispensible to her if she is to become real. Finally, after some excellent fooling with bites and slaps and seasickness and backtalk (all informed with layer upon layer of meaning), they end in each other's arms, lying all night soaked and terrified on the lower berth of a tossing ship, their troth silently and purely plighted, one feels tempted to say, so finely old-fashioned is this underplayed, coarse and tender betrothal. Next day there is a climax of meaning to match this climax of action. Lying in a deck chair beside his bride-to-be, Soby receives some "private advice" from his demon:

My dear Soby do you not think—for I leave the point to you—that this is a path of perilous sweetness? May I ask your intentions? Do you consider them respectable? What good is a teacher who knows he is headed for the pit? One would think, to hear you talk, that the word *pit* belongs at the base of a column, preferably broken, in the cool wing of a library. Unless libraries have changed. I see you smile. Getting back to the Greeks has its hazards, doesn't it? If it's something immortal you're after look behind the eyes, not at them. But that can be a strain. We're men after all, not fish. However, if it's something mortal you're after—and I take it that it is—what you see before your eyes can be good enough. . . . On the Orphic side, which is mine, the beloved is both named and nameless, a charming Oberlin freshman, a Nausicaa by the sea, a Lolita selecting a new popsicle. *Im*-persons, rather than persons—if you know what I mean. We have no name for what is fish below the thighs. Could that be why it is the lasting personality?

And Soby dozes off as the oracle drones on, dreaming of a "train of weirdly clad night creatures," among them himself and his bride, "their eyes bright with torchlight, who went hooting with the drawn-out u-sound bearing between them a zipper bag with the gleaming replica of the Acropolis." Unlike Aschenbach, who had "closed his eyes," fled from the vision of the physicality at the heart of man's apprehension of beauty, and "passed away with delirium," Soby has chosen to join the savage rites and drink at the grape-stained lips, perilous as such a choice may be. Only so can he stay among the living, the real, the durable. In more formal terms, it is only through an absolute willingness to become imbedded in the world of time that time can be in any sense conquered.

But to put it in this way is again to make it sound much too solemn. The ideas by themselves make Morris seem too much like T. S. Eliot turned novelist. There *are* times when I feel that the ideas come dangerously close to running away with the book, when the splendid fusion of comic meaning and comic action is momentarily lost. Here as elsewhere Morris is sometimes beguiled by a clever phrase or the chance for a poetic echo into complicating his meanings beyond decipherment; one must learn early, with him, when to stop asking annoying questions about the interrelationships of details. Part of the difficulty may be that he has never fully decided whether to use his symbols and imagery tactically or strategically, so that a choice that was really made to heighten a particular, momentary effect mistakenly leads the reader to think that it was part of the grand strategic design. For example, after planting the expectation that Cynthia may be pregnant, by an earlier lover, and will not know until

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"the fourteenth," and then showing that Soby and the girl's aunt are worried about finding her a husband if she *is* pregnant, Morris then drops all overt reference to this problem for the entire novel. At the end we discover that the *cat* is expecting and that Soby is thinking (as well he might, under even the most normal of circumstances) of "great expectations." Is the original discussion of her pregnancy a simple tactical choice, designed to give us the girl's character and Soby's reaction to it as vividly as possible? Or is it part of the overall design? Similarly I can't tell whether *all* of the references to fish and fins and fishtails throughout are intended as part of the symbolic pattern introduced in the epigraph from Graves. Most of them are, but are they all? Miss Throop's finlike hands? Obviously. "A young man with the smell of fish on his hands"? Can't tell. The crew member who "looked like a fish"? Who can say? There are more annoyances of this kind than Morris should allow, but they are, all told, a small price to pay for the comic realization of the whole. What is important to us is that his great powers of observation are in the service of an inventive gift that yields character after character, placed and heightened in larger designs that are themselves a delight.

There may be *aficionados* who will plead with him to return to his native prairies and his earlier simpler theme of nostalgia. But he has *done* that, and is therefore done with it. Now, still very much alive and kicking, following what he might want to call the wisdom of the body of his art, he is on into the territory ahead—that region where a novelist's original vision is turned into the shaped, the transformed experience that only a grand design can give.

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The Revolving Bookstand

A Briefbag of Felonies

JACQUES BARZUN

It is my lot to read a great many books that I don't want to read, among which the worst are novels. They are bad, generally, not for lack of talent—on the contrary, the amount of sheer gift in these productions is very great—but for lack of fresh ideas, chiefly moral. I do not, of course, mean by idea a proposition to prove; I ask no more of a novelist than some representation of life—inner life, outer life, with or without criticism. But if what I am given is billed as a "new" novel, then I expect some scrap or hint of a new attitude or intent, some situation or vision I have not already found in Gide or Joyce or Sologub or Proust.

I should be going too far if I said that this compulsory addiction of mine poisoned my system. But I do find that I need an antidote, or rather, a mithridate; that is, a milder form of the same toxic stuff, which will enable me to withstand the heavy dosage I impose on my literary stomach. This protection I derive from the stories, soft or hard to the touch and priced at thirty-five cents or $2.95, that offer themselves as entertainment connected with crime. The curative ingredient in them—or, I should say, in a good many of them—is their solemn imitation of the supposedly more serious genre. All novels are solemn, but the crime-connected ones have several chances of making up by other qualities for that flat-faced sameness which in the strictly literary efforts makes me gag.

In the first place, there is always in crime stories the chance of a good plot, which your serious novelist cannot or will not construct. Then, again, the crime writer's aping of the poses and philosophies current in high fiction is often funny, like the gestures of a young mimic trailing a pompous citizen. And lastly, there is the possibility that out of a dozen or twenty so-called mysteries, one will be a true sample of the detective genre, the merits of which I have tried to define earlier, in these pages and elsewhere.*

When again this spring THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR let me look over its shelves for my counterpoison, I was lucky to find in the couple of dozen books that I chose one first-rate detective story by a new author—a woman, like so many of the masters of the craft—or rather two anonymous ladies using the one name Emma Lathen. The story, *Banking on Death* (Macmillan), is thoroughly fresh and admirable. Although set in the world of trust companies, the narrative is sparing of technicalities and local color—offering just enough to amuse without instructing. The Vice-President who acts as amateur detective is an original mixture of sardonic wit and almost stuffy decorum, and the discreet romance of his subordinate is as charming as the crime and its solution are satisfactory. It is an added merit that the conclusion is not distorted by implausible twists for excitement—as if that could excite which cannot command belief. In-

JACQUES BARZUN, a member of the SCHOLAR Editorial Board, is Provost of Columbia University.

* See *The Energies of Art*, Harper, 1956, or the Introduction to *The Delights of Detection*, Criterion, 1961.

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stead of a vulgar surprise, the very last words of the tale raise the image of a situation unique in the annals of detection—and leave us speculating. May the doubly endowed "Miss Lathen" soon repeat her triumph!

The workmanship of such books as hers would alone justify the genre and also rebuke many pretentious first novels. Indeed, the measure of her success is confirmed by a still more exacting standard when one goes through the remainder of the new works by old practitioners. Miss Ngaio Marsh's *Hand in Glove* (Little, Brown) is pleasant enough; there is clarity and humor; but the people and the props are a bit tired, especially Roderick Alleyn, who may be said to mumble his way from clue to clue around the countryside. The same has to be said about Mr. and Mrs. Lockridge's latest story about Captain Heimrich, *First Come, First Kill* (Lippincott), although it is gratifyingly free of the authors' worst mannerisms. Even so, the Captain's barrel chest and loving wife tend to get in the way of the plot without, unfortunately, making it hard to see through. Similarly, *New People at the Hollies* (Macmillan) by Josephine Bell is a poor rehash of the expected sinister doings at the nursing home. This establishment should have burned to the ground in the first, not last, chapter. I say this with reluctance, for Dr. Bell has some good work to her credit on the (fictional) medical scene. And I regret even more having to add Mr. Robert Van Gulik's fifth Judge Dee story to this list of comparative failures. *The Chinese Lake Murders* (Harper) are cluttered up from the confused opening chapter onward, and the skillful blending of old Chinese customs (guaranteed authentic) with a modern thug-and-blonde escapade does not carry the reader as consentingly as did the truly original and successful *Chinese Gold Murders* of two years ago.

A much better job is performed by Mr. Hilary Waugh in *The Late Mrs. D.* (Doubleday), which is a compact and convincing account of wife-disposal on the large scale. The villain is nicely studied and the tension controlled with great exactness. If the subplot were not a little perfunctory, the achievement would rank as a model of its kind.

To wind up the offerings in this class with two volumes of short stories, I note with pleasure that Mr. Edmund Crispin's *Beware of the Trains* has at last been published here (Walker). These sixteen stories are like the ales and beers of England—some are better than others, but all are very good. Gervase Fen, the Oxford don, now no longer outré in his exuberance, has never been a stock character but a genuine thinker and wit. Humbleby, of the Yard, complements him without burlesque, and they share some extraordinarily amusing moments. For what is remarkable about Mr. Crispin's work is the atmosphere of subdued farce that envelops the frequently gruesome incidents and lights up their ingenious explanation. Girlish make-believe is intolerable in detection—the genre is artificial enough to begin with—but a touch of comic unreality, in Wilde's Ernest manner, is just right for murder; and in this department, as in plotting, Mr. Crispin is unequaled today. He should be fined for no longer writing full-scale novels.

The second group of short stories, *The Quintessence of Queen* (Random House), is drawn from *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine.* Thirty stories (plus one by E. Q. themselves) represent twelve years of periodical publication. The unknowing might thus expect something quintessential indeed, but here as in the magazine, "mystery" is given a rather loose definition. This is shown by the range of stories: William Faulkner's "An Error in Chemistry," Patrick Quentin's "Love Comes to Miss Lucy," Stanley Ellin's "The Specialty of the House," Wilbur Daniel Steele's "The Lady-Killer." In these and the rest no single genre is illustrated except the neat and entertaining. In any of the tales violence may or may not be important, and the mystery may be almost nonexistent, a mere momentary check in someone's inner life.

It is at this point that the criminous writing of today rejoins the contemporary novel.

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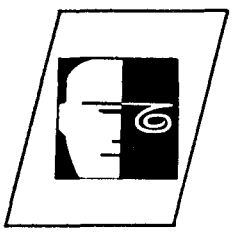

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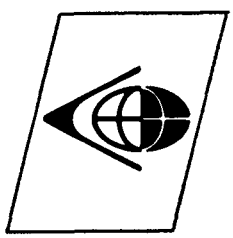

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The books I have so far mentioned more or less protected me from my regular toxin by a pleasant diversion. Those I am about to list do so by the subpoisoning I discussed earlier. And here too there are genres and gradations of power. One of the best in the horror-of-modern-life group is Mr. John D. Macdonald's *A Key to the Suite* (Gold Medal). It deals tersely with the familiar pieces of the American businessmen's convention, regilding them to look like new, thanks to the creation of a singularly interesting—indeed, intellectual—party girl, whose motives and means are alike extraordinary yet believable. She thus stands in sharp contrast to the absurd heroine of another "analysis" of love and sexuality, Mr. Frederic Mullally's *Marianne* (Bantam). The fun here is to relish the parts done with the breezy imagination of the thriller writer and to laugh at the brow-wrinkling over spirit and body, life and death, and—inevitably—Art with at least two capital A's.

On a higher plane (and in stiffer boards) are four so-called novels of suspense written by women whose trademarks are well-known. I wish I could report about them something (such as enthusiasm) that would be more than the recognition of competent writing. With the best will in the world I am not caught, I am not suspended, I am only a trifle impatient that so much work of incident-making and "pussy-chology" should be in vain. The authors themselves, one cannot help discovering, are charming persons. They give themselves away by brewing horrors with the makings of strawberry jam. One does not so much yield one's spine to be chilled as lend it to them, in hopes. And this transaction too is very modern and literary. Miss Celia Fremlin, for instance, works at *Wait for the Wedding* (Lippincott) with all the fervor she put earlier in *Uncle Paul:* she does children and mothers and old houses very well; the anxiety is plausible in the abstract. But it does not take effect, for one is too directly reminded of the contrivances of serious writers who haven't Kafka's mind.

Still less do I believe Miss Shelley Smith's *Ballad of the Running Man* (Harper), in which love comes out badly in competition with obsessive crime; or Elizabeth Fenwick's *A Friend of Mary Rose* (Harper), in which old age, childhood intelligence, and drunken perversion stalk one another—the social worker's delight, but not mine. The last of the four strikes a somewhat different note. Paula Allardyce, who is also Charity (and Lee) Blackstock, has gone a-Wuthering in *Witches' Sabbath* (Macmillan), the story of a violent passion between a red-headed girl reporter and a foul-mouthed Scots doctor who is agonized by scruples other than those in his dispensary. The resumption of their broken love affair takes place in a village ridden by the superstition of witchcraft, and I am glad to say that several of the characters, places and incidents are done with real power, not borrowed lines. It is the whole conception of "Love is hard between two people" that I find discouraging. One wonders whether a *ménage à trois* would not be the answer offered by modern science using computers, until one finds that the *tertium quid,* the doctor's sister, is of less than no help. Then the witchcraft motif collapses and instead of Dracula and garlic to end with, we have National Health and orange blossoms.

Mr. J. J. Marric in England and Mr. Ed McBain in this country have made a speciality of the novel of police routine, the parallel to minute realism and psychological analysis in serious fiction. Marric's latest is *Gideon's March* (Harper), which has to do, as usual, with half a hundred troubles and annoyances, but is mainly about the protection of visiting heads of state. The narrative job is, again as usual, well done, and the complications are credible. But I continue to resent the novelistic insistence on the point that life kills men by daily attrition: I have never doubted it. It has also come to my notice that (as in *War and Peace)* great events may hang upon small private circumstance—a colleague's sour stomach. You thought that dyspepsia had gone out of literature with Carlyle? Read police stories and you will see that it hasn't; dyspepsia remains the worst of literary di-

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seases—can't be cured and refuses to kill.

As for Ed McBain's 87th Precinct of an imaginary American town, I find it a good deal more colorful than Gideon's London. But in the latest adventure of the 87th, *Lady, Lady, I Did It!* (Simon and Schuster), the routine exceeds its right to be what its name implies. The fiancée of one of the precinct policemen is killed by a maniac in a bookstore: find the maniac. Patience and the moderate imagination of men who are proud to be plodding finally succeed, and as a citizen I am reconciled to paying taxes for their support. But I cannot sustain my admiration on hearing that the precinct boys falsify their final report, after beating up the suspect they decide is the murderer. I shall be told that this is real life—just like the fact that the girl's boy friend is never her first choice, so that the book may show her getting used to the second. Still I demur: the cops can cover up their own lawlessness or earn my respect, but they cannot do both. (In the would-be "high" literature too there are little moral questions like this that crop up, and it is astonishing how wriggly and wormy some denouncers of society show themselves to be.)

If sordid places and people are the thing, then I prefer to the 87th precinct the San Francisco district where Mr. Brenì James puts Sergeant Gunnar Matson to work on the *Night of the Kill* (Simon and Schuster). The purely verbal art here is superior to anything in Marric or McBain: the dialogue is superb and the sketching in of the odd lot of customers on Silver Avenue masterly. An unforgettable atmosphere is coupled with an effortless diversity of moods and motives. Only one small material flaw near the end spoils a tale otherwise perfect in its kind: I very much doubt that the brilliant and quick-fingered dame who was driving with a policeman could whip off her brassiere and plant it in the car while his head was turned away, this Houdini-like feat being done to substantiate the charge of his having attacked her. But perhaps in that San Francisco fog....

Staying a moment longer with American writers, I must say a word about their unfortunate alacrity for sinking into formula. Two notable performers, Messrs. Fredric Brown and M. E. Chaber, who were once athletic inventors, have succumbed to repetitious ease in their latest stories. Mr. Chaber's *Jade for a Lady* (Holt) is as mechanical a travelogue to Hong Kong as Mr. Brown's *Five-Day Nightmare* (Dutton) is a laborious working out of a kidnapping idea that might have made a nice short story. The best English professionals are more sedulous in the effort to vary their themes. One has but to think of Andrew Garve or Maurice Procter to acknowledge this truth. Can this difference be another cultural compulsion? I have the impression that American serious novels, even when guaranteed "experimental," are also marked with the stamp of the assembly line. The surprise is not at the fact of mass production, but at the tricks of manufacture being applied so far up the scale of ambition.

In any event, I keep looking to England for novelty in the lesser genre, and my hopes continue to be fulfilled. In the present random collection, which rewarded me with so welcome a find as Miss Lathen, are two unfamiliar English names, Ellis Peters and Laurence Meynell. The latter's *Saturday Out* (Walker) does a very workmanlike job of representing the village hostile to "foreigners," in this instance, a troop of ambulant broadcasters doing their weekly takeout on a picturesque community. Humor and violence keep the reader in equilibrium until the denouement, when he should be toppled into horror followed by explanation. It is here that the author —instead of the reader—falls down. Mr. Meynell lacks belief in his Black Mass antics and thus robs them of any persuasive force. He should study the models—Burton writing of High Eldersham or Agatha Christie of wherever it was in *Easy to Kill.* And Mr. Meynell should also avoid Americanisms, for when he tells us: "He was naturally a right-handed fighter—a southpaw," once again we don't believe him.

The other English tale, Ellis Peters' *Death and the Joyful Woman* (Doubleday), is also rural, and it stands just short of

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excellence in the mixed genre of detection and character study. After a somewhat prosy start it depicts the love of a young boy for an older girl with a precision and charm that make me doubt other evidence in the book that Ellis Peters is a woman. At any rate, the adept joining of lives and motives into a tightly plotted whole inspires the sort of gratitude that is the lively expectation of good things to come. I shall hope that they come under a more attractive title than this first installment, but I shall be content if they are as full of unassuming art.

Meanwhile, back to my regular poison, my deadly amanitas—novels—little mushrooms that are meant to entrance and sometimes do. When they succeed one can tell the difference between original substance and synthetic by direct, visceral response—as when, to use a last example, one finds in Hubert Monteilhet's *The Praying Mantises* (Simon and Schuster) the clever transposition of a famous plot to kill, rob and live immune. The modern version is deft and slick and quick, but it does not produce that organic quiver which belongs to its model, old General Laclos' strange book, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses.*

Transcending Material Welfare

THE PUBLIC HAPPINESS. *By August Heckscher. Atheneum. $5.75.*

Reviewed by FRANK FREIDEL

In the first great national testing, the War of Independence, Thomas Jefferson set forth as one of the goals of his fellow Americans, the pursuit of happiness. Many in the generations that followed were ready to narrow the meaning of "happiness" to the right to hold property without outside interference; to others in the age of the welfare state it has signified little more than guarantees of personal economic security. August Heckscher, Director of the Twentieth Century Fund and recently appointed Special White House Consultant on the Arts, would accept neither of these definitions as adequate. Rather, in *The Public Happiness,* which he finished shortly before his White House appointment, he proposes a philosophy of politics transcending welfare needs to provide riches also in "education, art, leisure, and by an environment which answers man's needs for order, brightness and variety." In the sense that Jefferson was a cultivator of the arts and humanities, Heckscher is expounding a Jeffersonian view of happiness as a great concern for the American nation.

First of all, Heckscher examines in some breadth the malaise inflicting the twentieth-century citizen; second, he examines critically the institutions of present-day society; and finally he makes proposals for the achievement of his goals. This grand scheme, as he disarmingly informs his readers, "sounds more formidable and systematic than is warranted by the essays." What he presents is less a blueprint for a new cultural order than a scintillating array of aphorisms and speculations measuring modern culture against that of ancient times and the Renaissance, for the stimulation and delectation of his readers. At one point he complains that education "tends to become a process of filling the mind rather than ordering the soul." These essays are aimed at ordering the soul; the following passage concerning his central theme is typical of his style and approach:

> The public happiness, I hope it will be evident by now, does not begin in the actions and policies of government. The state cannot make people happy, any more than it can make them wise or good. Public happiness, like private happiness, must be part of the individual. It consists in certain ways of looking at the outside world. It begins with a recognition that there *is* an outside world, distinct from the images and emotions which fill the soul. It goes on to affirm that separate from the relationships, the loves and affinities, the hates and incongruities of private life, there stands a public realm which men can observe and appraise, where they can

FRANK FREIDEL is professor of history at Harvard University. His books include *America in the Twentieth Century* and *The Apprenticeship, The Ordeal* and *The Triumph,* the first three volumes of his projected six-volume biography of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

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do battle and where they may find a common delight. The quality of their happiness will depend in large part upon their capacity to transcend the immediacies of this public scene, finding their own peace amid its changes and its inherent disorder.

Nevertheless the state has a role, a very large role, in fostering and defining the public happiness. . . .

The malaise from which the nation is suffering, Heckscher argues at the outset, is above all the decrease in understanding that has been brought about by the increase in consumption. While mass production and mass obsolescence have blurred individuality of possession, mass communications have blurred reality. Compared with the Victorian middle-class man who lived in a closed world of assurances in which all knowledge seemed comprehensible, the twentieth-century man lives in a world of exploding knowledge, much of it beyond his ready comprehension. Moreover, many of the old assumptions have proved false. During the lengthy struggle to force governments to provide for the economic welfare of the individual, it was supposed fallaciously that economic well-being and happiness were synonymous. "Evil does not appear in the guise of unaccomplished reforms," Heckscher remarks, "and it is not banished once all the reforms have been achieved." Certainly he would grant that lack of welfare measures brought misery that made happiness impossible—but his emphasis is upon establishing larger goals.

Government should be concerned not only with service occupations but also with the inspiring, entertaining and delighting of its citizens. It should engage in the construction of public works on a large scale for their enjoyment: "In all soberness, is there any reason why the offices of the Federal government in a city like New York should not be at least as distinguished a contribution to the city scene as, say, the American Embassy in Oslo—or the building which contains the central offices of a much publicized soap manufacturer or whiskey distiller?" And Heckscher marvels at the Puritanism in Congress that leads its members to feel that while they may properly provide the land for a cultural center in Washington, D. C., the funds for the construction must come from private donors. Or that the Federal Government could subsidize art only in time of depression to succor the artists or in time of cold war to beat the Russians. "But the real reason for the fostering of art is, I suggest, that art is important to the life of the people, and that without it the political community falls short of its ideal potentialities." Through a different approach to politics, and through relating the arts, architecture and community planning to the public sphere, citizens could build for themselves "an environment in which their lives can have dignity and meaning."

To a generation preoccupied with the cold war, what would be the point of aiming the government toward these goals which apparently would add nothing to the national strength? The answer, Heckscher feels, is that "if we survive at all, we shall have to turn back to the ends and values of our existence." His is the call to noble ends, encompassing but transcending material welfare.

A Stance of Moral Neutrality

PATRIOTIC GORE: STUDIES IN THE LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. *By Edmund Wilson. Oxford. $8.50.*

Reviewed by C. VANN WOODWARD

Lest anyone be misled or put off by the title, it should be said at once that this is a serious book. Its subject is the impact of the Civil War on the American mind, or more particularly on the mind of the Civil War generation. There is nothing quite like it or equal to it in our literature. The nearest thing is Robert Penn Warren's recent *Legacy of the Civil War,* but that is a brief, brilliant, retrospective essay. This is a big book.

C. VANN WOODWARD, Sterling Professor of History at Yale University, is a member of the Editorial Board of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

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It deals with a score of major figures and half as many lesser ones. No single work goes deeper into the meaning and implications of the Civil War experience for its more articulate participants.

While the main title is misleading, it is significant. All along the way Mr. Wilson sets up safeguards against the myths of the Civil War—the Northern myths, the Southern myths, the national melodrama and its rhetoric. The title is only the first of his many precautions. That would seem to be quite sufficient, but he goes further. He remarks, for example, that "the cruelest thing that has happened to Lincoln since he was shot by Booth has been to fall into the hands of Carl Sandburg." He quotes Ambrose Bierce, who, as he says, "detested the melodrama that the Northerners had made of the Civil War," and who wrote of the Union dead: "Their valor was not the fury of the non-combatant; they have no voice in the thunder of the civilians and the shouting." He quotes the hard-bitten realism of the young soldier Oliver Wendell Holmes, but not the often quoted rhetoric with which Holmes later glorified the war.

Mr. Wilson is, on the whole, eminently successful in resisting the appeal of Northern myths. Perhaps he takes more precautions against them. He is unsparing of the apocalyptic legend of the war sponsored by the abolitionists, the self-righteousness of politicians and moral pretensions in any department. He detects a pathological theme in General Sherman's wartime conduct and senses in his writings "the strong throb of the lust to dominate and the ecstacy of its satisfaction which in the past has made people believe that they were fighting as instruments of God and in our own time as instruments of 'History.'" And he holds up as detestable the gloating of a character from one of John W. DeForest's novels who found the blackened ruins of Charleston "very comforting and exhilarating."

For Southern myths, on the other hand, Mr. Wilson shows a curious indulgence at times. He concedes to Alexander H. Stephens that "the Southerners have a very good case for regarding the Northerners as treacherous aggressors." And he wonders, in view of modern encroachments of bureaucracies, "whether it may not be true, as Stephens said, that the cause of the South is the cause of us all." He even goes so far as to ask in his Introduction if "the fate of Hungary, at the time of its recent rebellion, [was] any worse than the fate of the South at the end of the Civil War?" These concessions may be part of his elaborate defense against Yankee myths, to which he is more consciously vulnerable. At any rate he goes on to give the worst indictments of slavery and Southern society to be found in Frederick L. Olmsted and Mary Chesnut.

The author states his purpose uncompromisingly in the Introduction: "to remove the whole subject from the plane of morality," to strip participants of all "pretensions to moral superiority" and to reveal the war as "the competition for power for its own sake." He is profoundly skeptical of "war aims" and compares wars with such "zoölogical phenomena" as one sea slug ingurgitating another. He not only refuses to pass moral judgment on individuals but upon societies and institutions as well, including slavery and antislavery.

There is no doubt that traditional Civil War history has been waterlogged in moralistic writing. But the attempt to write a completely amoral history of this conflict is destined for trouble from the start. It is obvious that the inner lives of the thirty or more figures Mr. Wilson studies are tragically plagued with conflicting values—right against rights, loyalty against duty, higher law against constitutional law, country against state, brother against brother. It was a generation tormented by moral conflicts. Parties, politicians and governments made a shameless and hypocritical mockery of these conflicts and camouflaged their villainies with lofty moral pretensions. But the moral issues were real nevertheless.

Mr. Wilson's stance of moral neutrality gains for him a certain detachment, frees him from the big official lies and the solemn myths. But anyone who deals with such people as Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mary Chesnut, Thomas Wentworth Higginson,

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Albion W. Tourgee or a George W. Cable is going to have to deal with moral values. Mr. Wilson avoids moralizing, but he does not avoid morals.

On the Side of the Enemy

BLACK SHIP TO HELL. *By Brigid Brophy. Harcourt, Brace & World. $8.50.*

Reviewed by PHILIP RIEFF

Miss Brophy is a pious Freudian. In fact, Freud is very nearly deified. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished on any atheist, but not on this general skeptic, who, knowing that all gods are invented as much to be slaughtered as worshipped, would immediately suspect Miss Brophy of being yet another one of his many parricidal offspring.

To argue, as Miss Brophy does, that there is no salvation from our death instinct outside psychoanalysis is most uncongenial to the master's own doctrine. Freud held no saving belief, not even in psychoanalysis. There is nothing soteriological about his doctrine of the instincts. Sex is no more socializable than aggression. Civilization is our mode of defense against them both. If the defense fails, a criminal is born; if it succeeds too drastically, a neurotic develops. But there is no final cure. Man remains an ambivalent animal. Any other position would have compelled Freud to alter his structural view of human nature, the id-ego-superego theory. The triumph of ego is only a compromise between id and superego, an uneasy and delicately held truce in the eternal war between civilization and the instincts.

Miss Brophy longs for a permanent peace, through the elimination of the superego. Thus her book is, mainly, a series of skirmishes against religion and all the other ambivalent forms of authority upon which civilization depends. The first part of *Black Ship to Hell* consists of many psychoanalytic exercises illustrating the failure of authority, all sympathizing with the criminals (Nathan Leopold, Don Giovanni, intellectuals, heroes and poets) who must, by their actions, either in art or in life, goad God (or society) into punishing them. Miss Brophy concludes that the excuse of God, and the temptation of rules, must be taken away from men before they can truly learn how to behave well. "The net result of the existence of rules is simply to blacken our guilt when we break them." The argument of the first part may be summed up as follows: for fewer criminals, less guilt; for less guilt, fewer rules. Heaven would be truly so without God, earth fair without authority-figures, and the air between easier to breathe without that authority-figure of God-man, Jesus.

All this Miss Brophy argues as if in defense of civilization. Not once does it occur to her that she may represent, most eloquently and with grand erudition, what Freud liked to call the "enemy of civilization," the instinctual everyman twisting his neck uncomfortably inside the starched collar of civilization. Freud sought only to soften the collar; this latest among his disciples would like to take it off.

Quite apart from another collection of exercises in the psychoanalytic interpretation of literature and art, the second part of *Black Ship to Hell* includes Miss Brophy's unacknowledged attack on the intellectual authority of her father-figure. Freud's moral doctrine derives from his informed suspicion that the instincts must be outwitted by reason and subtly enslaved by culture. Miss Brophy's "Morality for Today," the title of her book's middle section, announces a very different doctrine: "Since we are instinctual beings, to fulfil its [that is, the instincts'] purpose is our most satisfactory happiness and therefore our best morality."

Compare this passage with the following, from Freud's *The Future of an Illusion:* "Every civilization *must* [my italics] be built up on coercion and renunciation of instinct. . . . One has, I think, to reckon with the fact that there are present in all men

PHILIP RIEFF is author of *Freud: The Mind of the Moralist.* He is professor of sociology at the University of Pennsylvania.

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destructive, and therefore anti-social and anti-cultural trends." Nor, in Freud's mind, is sex innately more social and procultural than aggression. Miss Brophy's "tutelary deity," sex, to which she commends us, is not Freud's. (His own tutelary deity, intellect, is more directly ascended from the instinct of aggression.) Her final piece of advice that "there are few ways in which man can be more innocently employed than in making love," is, from the Freudian point of view, characteristically feminine in its hostility to the requirements of civilization.

Without God, or some other figure of authority, precisely that innocence of love-making can turn with terrifying speed into a brutal contest of personal power. Indeed, the erotic contest of power has become in our time the intellectual's substitute for politics. Sex, not religion, is the opium of educated people.

Neither the personal contest of the sexes, nor the more political encounters between groups identified with competing figures of authority, can be mitigated without raising yet another image of authority above the contest—from which superiority such a figure can, with hovering and neutral benevolence, reconcile the contestants. By her rebellion against all God-terms except the instincts, Miss Brophy is more in the tradition of Sade than of Freud. Her entire effort, confused as it is, depends upon her subtle twisting of Freud into an enemy of civilization, when, in fact, he was its greatest defender.

Miss Brophy, too, intends to defend civilization; that is the stated purpose of her book. But her latent, unacknowledged purpose dominates. She soon finds herself defending the instinctual individual and "reality" (by which she means the satisfaction of instinct, when she does not mean something even more silly) against civilization. This reverses the aim of most previous moralizers, and makes Miss Brophy what she wants most to be: a psychologizer.

Now psychologizing is a dangerous game, which anyone can play, with the categories of good and evil. By psychologizing we can easily downgrade, say, Lincoln, as a sick and dangerous man, a Father Abraham who brought death and destruction to his children rather than permit the dissolution of an unhappy union. For his destructive sense of moral duty, Lincoln was murdered, of course, by a maddened son. Had Lincoln divorced his Mary, perhaps he would not have had to develop such a mystical devotion to the political union. I have concocted this piece of psychologizing merely to demonstrate how easy—and dangerous—it is to play Miss Brophy's game. She plays it well, if, at times, a little too fiercely; but the game itself remains questionable, unless its polemical function is clearly understood. The ambiguity Freud felt about his Jewishness led him to identify with a Jew who was not a Jew. The game can be turned against its players; perhaps this indicates its chief merit.

To become an enemy of civilization is the gravest symptom of a humanity that mistakes its own weakness for strength, a mistake that Sade elaborated into a fantastic doctrine of personal power liberated from all restraint. *Black Ship to Hell* is more interesting as symptom than as diagnosis. Miss Brophy represents all those intellectuals now lining up on the side of the enemies of civilization. There have been forerunners of this movement—Rousseau, Sade, the Young Germans, some of the Romantics. But never before has there been such a general shifting of sides as now among the intellectuals of America and England. Many have gone over to the enemy without realizing that they, self-considered the elite, are now spokesmen for what Freud called the instinctual "mass." Miss Brophy's book is itself a symbolic act of going over. What a great pleasure it must have given her to perform this intricate ritual of changing sides, all the while denying that she was doing so. In the name of peace, freedom and happiness Miss Brophy has contributed to the further reduction of our small shares of peace, freedom and happiness.

It was in order to combat just such masked hostility to civilization that Freud emphasized coercion and the renunciation

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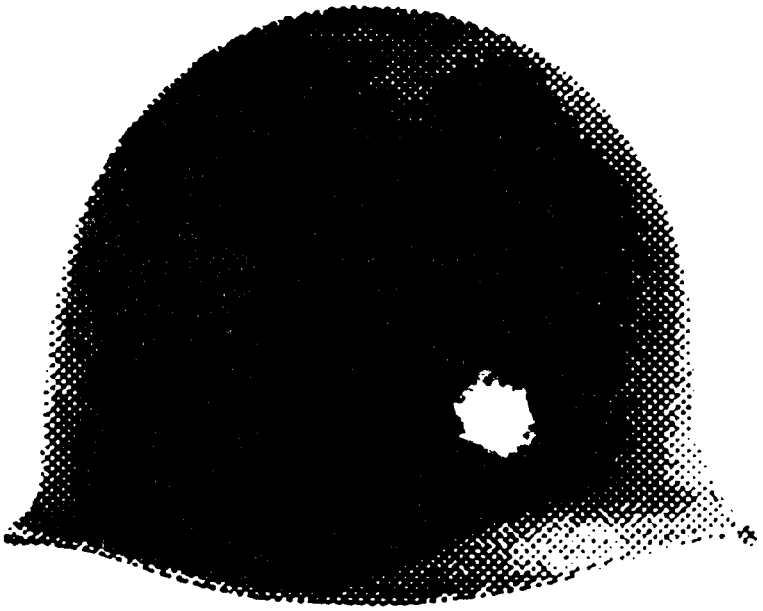

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of instinct as the indispensable elements in all civilizations. Freud was neither an eroticist nor a democrat. His doctrine of moral authority appears most starkly in his equating of moral authority with an elitist social theory. "It is just as impossible," he writes, "to do without control of the mass by a minority as it is to dispense with coercion in the work of civilization." By "mass" Freud means the "lazy and unintelligent," those who "have no love for instinctual renunciation" and who cannot be "convinced by argument of its inevitability." This is the first time in the intellectual history of our civilization that such large numbers of the energetic and intelligent have identified themselves deliberately with the lazy and unintelligent, going over to the side of instinctual annunciation. It is the most elaborate act of suicide that moral authority has ever staged.

But the suicide is only an act. Miss Brophy realizes that the purpose of civilization, and of psychoanalysis as a function of civilization, is to reconcile men to those renunciations of instinct that, as Freud wrote, "necessarily must remain" and for which the individual must be compensated by pleasures that are at once higher and more realizable than the pleasure of instinctual gratification. In compensation, throughout the third and fourth parts of *Black Ship to Hell* Miss Brophy offers those guilt-edged securities, Art and Science. These are Miss Brophy's esthetic substitutes for religion and war. Here we see most aptly expressed that contemporary religionizing of art that is the main counter to the moralizing of authority. It is true that new religions are constantly being born. But modern civilization is unique in having given birth to such elaborately argued antireligions. I suspect that the children of Israel did not spend much time elaborating a doctrine of the Golden Calf; they merely danced around it, until Moses, their first intellectual, put a stop to the plain fun and insisted on civilizing them. Now, although there is some dancing again, the intellectuals mainly sit around and think about their instincts, disguising their self-worship in the religion of art. Confronted thus with the picture gallery as the new center of worship, the civilized man must become anti-art. Miss Brophy is fiercely pro-art, of course. Hers is the most fashionable contemporary way in which to express one's instinctive enmity against civilization, an enmity naively shared, always, by almost everyone—except such rare triumphs of civilization as Freud himself.

The Dragons of Marxism

THE MARXISTS. *By C. Wright Mills. Dell. $.75.*

Reviewed by IRVING LOUIS HOROWITZ

The death of C. Wright Mills on March 20, 1962, at the age of forty-five, leaves unsettled, perhaps for eternity, the questions that raged about this most controversial figure in American social science since Veblen. The later works written and edited by Mills, in particular his blazing condemnation of "grand theory" and "abstract empiricism" in *The Sociological Imagination,* and his forthright defense of the Cuban revolution in *Listen, Yankee,* brought about, almost single-handedly, an authentic dialogue in the sociological community.

The last years of Mills' life were filled with ironic paradox and a deepening personal anxiety. While economists, historians and political scientists sang his praises, sociologists of the Establishment ruled him "no longer a member of the sociological community." While the political-minded the world over hailed him as a rational voice in the American academic wilderness, policy-makers in the United States found a myriad of ways (including court battles) to blunt the sharp edge of his criticisms of foreign policy.

Given this complex of events, it was inevitable that the question would arise of

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✪ IRVING LOUIS HOROWITZ's article, "Arms, Policies and Games," appeared in the Winter, 1961-62, SCHOLAR. Mr. Horowitz is chairman of the department of sociology and anthropology at Hobart and William Smith Colleges.

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the degree to which Mills had come under the influence of the dragons of Marxism. While socialists from Latin America, Asia and Europe were claiming Mills as an authentic voice of Marxism, most radical-oriented scholars in America seemed convinced that this was anything but the case. Daniel Bell wrote that "Mills is not a Marxist, and if anything, his method and conclusions are anti-Marxist." Lewis Feuer considers Mills' theory of historical specificity not only a departure from Marxism, but a thoroughly non-Marxian rubric. Donald Hodges also sees Mills as anything but a Marxist, since his was a theory of "the omnipotence of elite," which derived from the great chain of Franco-Italian realists (Mosca, Michels, Pareto and Sorel).

Along with these divergent opinions must be considered Mills' own emergence as an independent political and sociological mind. In truth, Mills was first and foremost a radical. Thus his judgment of Marxism was profoundly influenced by the continued de-radicalization of Marx's thought in each of the various socialist pivots of the twentieth century—from the Social Democracy of Bernstein to the Bolshevism of Stalin. It was incumbent upon him to "settle affairs" with Marxism, if only to make clear to himself and to others the exact relationship between the political radicalism of a mid-twentieth-century American sociologist and that portion of the "classic tradition" in social science carried on by the Marxists. This is the purpose of *The Marxists*, a volume completed just prior to Mills' death.

Diderot once noted that the future is to the philosophic man what immortality is to the religious man. Here Mills, speaking as a "political philosopher," attempts to delineate the sort of future mankind can expect. In its fourteen chapters (seven written by Mills and seven written by "the Marxists" from Marx to Mao) the history of Marxian ideas is seen in present-day terms. Mills was no pious true believer; that which does not serve to illumine the contours of present society is, from a pragmatic viewpoint, ballast—and is properly and unceremoniously treated as such. Mills had a reverence for conflicting modes of socio-historical reality, and a healthy irreverence for all else. This volume sets forth his standards for the sociological imagination: historical specificity and empirical predictability, living social doctrine presented in living language, and a meaning and impact in ideas that can at least match, if not outstrip, informed biographies and informing newspapers. Let it be said then that this is a work all people of intelligence and critical judgment will want. And the extraordinarily low price for so high a value (made possible paradoxically enough by capitalist mass marketing techniques) is itself a reflection of Mills' Herculean battle for a "public sociology" similar in intent, if not in content, to Walter Lippmann's "public philosophy."

As an overview of the contemporary situation in Marxisms in the light of their common intellectual antecedents, no single book now available covers the ground as well or as extensively as *The Marxists*. Mills' method of historical specificity is really empiricism with the dimension of time included. With this method he portrays the interplay of social forces that has created Marxisms rather than a monolithic "Marxist social science." Throughout, Mills distinguishes himself from Marxists and anti-Marxists alike. Rather than celebrate or bemoan the fracturing of Marx's works by various competing factions, he sees in this very process of revision, reevaluation, restoration, et cetera, the lifeblood of a social doctrine.

The thesis of the book can be stated quite simply: the Marxists are important precisely because of their distinctive and different appraisals, whereas the liberals are unimportant precisely because of the absence of differences. Mills seems to be saying that liberalism is a perishing intellectual commodity to the degree that it becomes identified with an existing social establishment, in short, to the extent that it becomes monolithic. The pluralist, the man receptive to new ideas, the man interested in the social uses of social science—in short, the *classic* liberal—must perforce interest himself in

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Marxism, because it is within its confines that liberalism fulfills itself. The formalist and official liberalism of new and old frontiers is captive to statist dogma—whether on questions of academic freedom or foreign policy. As such, it has lost its capacity to move men. And Mills was behaviorist enough to sense that those ideas that have no consequences in public action have no consequences at all. Thus Mills' volume is not an appeal to partisan passions (for example, no Marxist could possibly be content with the relativism implicit in Mills' presentation of the contemporary panorama of Marxian ideas), but a realistic assessment of contemporary political philosophy and of what the liberal individual must pay attention to in the realm of ideas if he wishes to carry on in the "classic tradition" of Mill and Hobhouse. This volume is an attempt to fuse the liberal imagination with the sociological imagination—a fusion calculated to result in a renewal of the sinews of political philosophy.

This book is characterized by the same sort of sharp phrasing and barbed wit as was *The Sociological Imagination.* Mills' hilarious characterization of the "law" of the "negation of the negation" deserves to be reproduced—in part at least: "one thing grows out of another and then does battle with it. In turn, the newly grown produces in itself 'the seeds of its own destruction.' Marx's texts are full of metaphors from the reproductive cycle and the hospital delivery room. Things are pregnant; there are also false alarms; wombs and midwives abound. And finally, there is 'bloody birth.'" The outcome of this jocularity, however, is quite serious: "one should not mistake metaphors of style for a method of thinking." And throughout, this is the touchstone for the essays chosen for inclusion. The selections—from the writings of the Bolsheviks Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin; the Social Democrats Kautsky, Bernstein and Luxemburg; the critics of Stalinism Hilferding, Borkenau, Deutscher; and the new revisionists Khrushchev, Mao Tse-tung, Ernesto "Che" Guevara—thus make for lively and intellectually provocative reading.

Mills' own method, with which he studies the writings of the Marxians, constitutes a paradigm for the study of political thought worthy to be considered in the class with Robert K. Merton's paradigm for the study of the sociology of knowledge. Mills' articulate approach has four main elements: (*a*) analysis of Marxist political philosophy in terms of *ideology;* (*b*) analysis of Marxism as an *ethic,* as a body of ideals and beliefs; (*c*) analysis of Marxist *agencies of change,* the instruments of reform, restoration, revolution, et cetera; (*d*) analysis of Marxism as a social and historical *theory,* and of the assumptions it makes about how man in society functions.

No claim is made by Mills for the sociological purity or inclusiveness of this paradigm for the study of political thought (indeed, his approach is distinguished from the exaggerated claims made by the Parsonian sociologists). Writing as a social philosopher (a natural role for him since, unlike most of his colleagues in sociology, he received his early training in philosophy), he seeks as much to explain his own perspectives and beliefs as those of the Marxians. These beliefs are woven throughout the text portions of the book. Involved is a commitment to social science, of which Marxism is a very important part, both historically and in the present. The priority of social science as an empirical and historical whole, however, makes a dogmatic outcome in favor of any one part of this tradition impossible. Indeed, Mills' volume closes with a set of questions for the serious investigator and reader. And while Mills has not pretended to provide the answers, the long journey from cover to cover leaves us more sober, and better equipped to answer questions about the nature and content of Marxisms in the present world.

The evaluative criteria of Mills are empirical and critical, but this is not the sole level at which he operates. For Mills is too sophisticated a thinker not to understand that the social importance of ideas may not have anything to do with how scientific or rational a system is. Hence, Mills seeks to explain the widespread acceptance of Marx-

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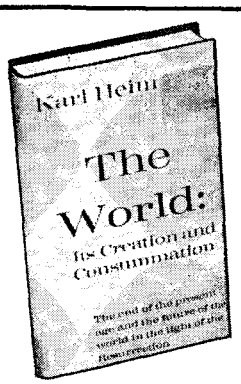

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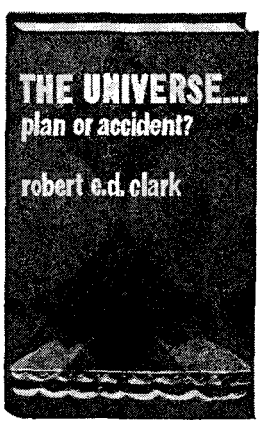

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ism in all parts of the world on the basis of ideological and moral fervor as much as on the basis of the truth contained in the doctrine. Mills was himself a man with moral convictions, and quite willing to stake his professional reputation in defense of these convictions. Marxism makes possible a lively dialogue and a healthy one. For that very reason the plethora of Marxisms is a sign both of the intellectual vigor and of the social importance of Marxism.

Mills was above all a man of enlightenment, a believer in the practical worth and in the consequences of ideas. His affinity with the writings of the Marxists lay in his belief in the human passions. He had no illusions about Stalinist terrorism, yet he could ask himself if Stalinism could lead to socialism no less than reformism. He had no illusions about the cynical uses of Marxism in the Soviet Union, yet he could ask himself to what extent Marxism is sincerely used and usable as a political policy-making device. In short, Mills himself was a contributor to, no less than a commentator on, the dialogue now raging within international socialist circles. This book fulfilled Mills' own conception of the role of the man of ideas in the world of men. Thus at the point of his death he achieved one of his major goals. He was a rare man and this is a rare volume.

New and Enlarged Aspects

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Reviewed by A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.

The title of this book hardly does justice to it. Here are the letters of the Lewis and Clark Expedition with related documents, sure enough; yet one is hardly prepared by

---

A. B. GUTHRIE, JR., winner of the Pulitzer Prize for distinguished fiction in 1950, is the author, among other books, of *The Big Sky* and *The Way West.*

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this description for the number of letters and documents and not at all for the abundant and meticulous editorial notes. And, although it would have been ridiculous to attempt so much in a title, one is astonished to find that of the four hundred and twenty-eight items selected more than half have never before been printed.

The work that went into the volume is beyond guessing. Call it incredible. The editor not only has chosen his materials, unrelated as they must have seemed in the mass, and put them into meaningful sequence; he has inquired, it would seem, into every scrap of unclear or questionable or erroneous quotation. Seldom does he have to say in his notes that a point escapes establishment.

New and enlarged aspects of the expedition emerge, save perhaps in the view of a few specialists. The duration and extent and plain hard work of preparation, for instance. The secret concerns of great powers over the pretensions of a nation still nearly newborn. The almost total ignorance, so short a time ago, of land beyond the Missouri and even short of the stream. The inexpectation of early settlement, of the movement of wagon trains less than forty years after the explorers returned. The assurances of Lewis and Clark that the soil was rich in a part of the land that would be damned later as part of the Great American Desert. The vexing, years-long difficulty of getting the journals in print. And, finally, the volume of correspondence.

A few minor observations:

Citing a bit of hitherto undisclosed evidence, the editor concludes that Meriwether Lewis killed himself. An added voice in an old argument.

His spelling of Sacajawea is Sacagawea—which will annoy some true lovers.

He takes Clark's word for it, tentatively anyhow, that Sacajawea was dead by 1828. He might have wondered even more had he had opportunity some years ago to talk to Mr. Roberts, the venerable missionary at the Wind River Reservation, who was convinced he conducted her burial service decades later.

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During the past year Editors and Members of the Editorial Board of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR *have published a number of books, widely varied in subject and form.*

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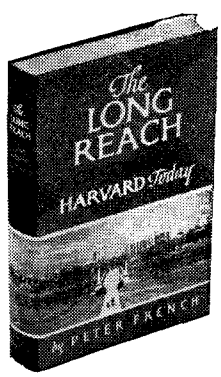

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—EDITOR

I was dumbfounded by Maxwell Geismar's remarks on James, and on James criticism [AS: Summer, 1962]. What is he trying to do—start an era of sanity in American criticism single-handed? And where does he get his nerve—as well as his quality? It is difficult enough to announce that any king is scantily clad, but to do so with composure, precision and dignity is, I feel, quite beyond the call of critical duty.

I'm writing out of very real respect and gratitude to Mr. Geismar, and to you for publishing him, and because I hope so much that "Henry James and the Jacobites" may be the beginning of something important.

JANET SMITH
Westport, Connecticut

* * *

Mr. Geismar has presented me, an admirer of Henry James, with a new self-image. I infer from his article that I and my kind are malicious royalists sitting sullenly in a corner mourning the death of McCarthy and trembling with disgust when the word "sex" is mentioned.

If Mr. Geismar proves successful in establishing this image, we poor James enthusiasts will be signing letters like this one "anonymous" and disguising our favorite James paperback with a *Studs Lonigan* cover (now *there* is a book that must be to Mr. Geismar's liking).

Mr. Geismar calls James's central theme one of anxiety, but he does not explain from what the anxiety arises. Henry James brings it out purposefully as a part of the great struggle toward the goal that he has set for himself (and consequently for the characters of whom he writes). It is a goal of quiet dignity, of integrity, of scrupulousness. The thing that makes James's work so important is that he does not hesitate to point out the immense difficulties he recognized in approaching this state of being. His later complexity of style was simply *all* of the agonizing struggle. We can rise to the great crises that Mr. Geismar evidently feels one should write about, but the day-to-day persistence toward even a kind of decency is drudgery that deserves a sweet song of praise which James sang as no one else has done.

There are two points which Mr. Geismar makes that particularly invite comment. We are told by Mr. Geismar: "The primary condition of human freedom, according to James, was to have inherited a fortune." What two examples are used to illustrate this point? *Portrait of a Lady* and *Wings of the Dove!* Isabel Archer in *Portrait of a Lady* is an independent, free, intellectually spirited girl with the world her oyster *until* she inherits a fortune which leads her directly into a caged joyless existence in which the wide vivid view of the world Isabel had is shut out forever.

And Millie Theale's great fortune in *Wings of the Dove* initiates a vision of evil and despair which closes about her until she suffocates of it.

Then, says Mr. Geismar, "James thought the true function of the artist was to teach the rich how to use their money better." Mr. Geismar, you've just got to read *Roderick Hudson* (mustn't go skipping the early ones you know) because in *Roderick Hudson,* James has this rich man give this poor sculptor a whole lot of money, see, and guess what happens! This artist fellow breaks his fiancée's heart, ruins his friend's life, stops sculpting and commits suicide! Now does *that* sound like James thought that the artist ought to "teach the rich how to use their money better"?

Finally Mr. Geismar tells us: "I have no intention here of trying to 'destroy' or even 'debunk' Henry James himself—that would be too easy, in a sense, and too cheap." I am reminded in this modest statement of a little boy who tells the fellow twice his size, "I could lick you

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if I wanted to!" and then disappears with great haste over the fence.

GLORIA WHELAN
Grosse Pointe Woods, Michigan

* * *

Take for example the matter of bird-watching.... Holy scripture enjoins botany ("Consider the lilies") and entomology ("Go to the ant thou sluggard") but if it anywhere recommends ornithology I do not remember the verse. [IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO, AS: Summer, 1962.]

Has Mr. Krutch forgotten that Jehovah himself is a bird-watcher? How else would he "mark the sparrow's fall"?

KATHERINE KEELING
Los Angeles, California

MR. KRUTCH: As the duelist in the Thurber drawing said when his head was cut off: "Touché."

* * *

K. R. Minogue's evaluation of liberalism [AS: Summer, 1962] is both polished and cynical. It smacks of the professional attempts at "manipulation and control" that he himself decries as a result of social hierarchy disintegration in the modern world. Happily, AMERICAN SCHOLAR readers can think for themselves, and do not fall into this category of a "dehumanized mass."

Perhaps liberals are in error when they think in stereotypes and always take the side of the "victims." But let us ask who does not think in terms of stereotypes, and would Mr. Minogue prefer that we take the side of the "oppressors"? The sympathy for "delinquent children" is not to be understood as tolerance of anti-social behavior as Mr. Minogue implies. It is the extension of the liberals' love of humanity even to those whom society at large despises that is at the root of this sympathy. We despise the act, but not the actor, and even in the most despicable of characters we are able to discern some element of their common humanity with us.

Perhaps Mr. Minogue would understand better the position of liberals if he were to contrast our attitude with that of the arch-conservatives, who cannot perceive this common humanity. "Punish the wrongdoer," and "punish him as severely as possible," is their motto. If one suggests that perhaps the individual is a product of an adverse environment, he is accused of "coddling the guilty," and playing the coward. It is easy to make liberalism look silly when only one side of the picture is presented,

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and a stereotyped, biased side at that. More serious, perhaps, is Mr. Minogue's cavalier style, which reduces consideration of the urgent issues of the day to an exercise in drawing-room repartee.

EDWARD J. JAY
University of California

* * *

Two arguments might contribute to the discussion of capital punishment [AS: Spring, Summer, 1962].

First is Camus' argument that capital punishment is unjust as an absolute penalty for a relative guilt. Mr. Barzun's apparent replacement of justice with social convenience hardly seems a promising path to a higher culture. Having passed from the sway of unmeasured vengeance to the rule of justice with the Mosaic Code, we are advancing toward refinement of justice with awareness that society participates in the crimes of individuals. Camus' argument expresses this understanding.

The second holds that capital punishment impedes understanding of ourselves and others and thereby impedes the identification and treatment of potential offenders. We lack facilities for this now, largely because not enough people understand their need and value, especially for children.

Urging that violent criminals be exterminated as "uncontrollable brutes" hardly promotes understanding of how early diagnosis, treatment and/or protective custody can save lives. Capital punishment is so dramatic that it can give people the impression that the challenge to public safety has been definitively met. This supports the resistance of people against deeper understanding of self and others. If homicides are a species apart, we will not look for one among "our kind," and we won't accept the obligation to help them control themselves—before they kill.

Clinical studies often yield predictions of violence, but they rarely result in treatment. Parents and others usually have difficulty seeing children as "uncontrollable brutes." When we do nothing about the warning, it seems unjust to hold the child alone responsible. But how then can we load absolute responsibility upon someone even more thoroughly neglected —and hence not examined at all?

If our understanding of personality and motivation does not change our treatment of our fellow man, it seems no understanding at all.

FREDERICK A. BRAUCHER
Chicago, Illinois

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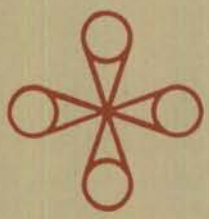

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